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THE HARVEYS.



VOL. II.



THE HARVEYS.

BY

HENRY KINGSLEY,

AUTHOR OF "HETTY," "OLD MARGARET," "GEOFFREY HAMLYN,"
"RAVENSHOE," ETC. ETC.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

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THE HARVEYS.

CHAPTER I.

OUR MECHANICAL SYREN.

HEALTH, freedom, and, in prospect, honour and a grand position! After all these weary years, what a prospect for me! As I sat on the deck of the old *Soho*, as she was going down the river, I said to myself that only one thing was left for me to desire in this world, and that one thing was personal beauty. Like the young cub which I was,

I once or twice was sorry that I was not handsome.

What worthless, selfish prigs many boys are. I don't claim to be worse than the majority of clever boys, but at this very time, when by a stroke of fortune the world was at my feet, when I was starting on my first holiday journey to new lands, with every chance of relieving the man I loved best in the world—my father—from all future difficulty, I remember that I was jealous of the personal beauty of a lad of my own age, who was on board. It is painful to write oneself down a fool, but I fear I must do so on this occasion.

Before we got to Gravesend I had out my water-colour box, and had sketched the man at the wheel, I think successfully ; I

was nearly finishing, when a voice in my ear said, "I envy you."

I turned, and I saw a handsome lad. I replied, "I envy you; for what do you envy me?"

"Your art," he said. "For what do you envy me?"

"Your beauty," I said; "sit there and let me paint you." And he sat down wearily and quietly.

"Am I, then, so handsome?" he said.

"You are very handsome," I replied.

"It is almost a pity," he said, rather wearily, "because I am going to Nice."

"What are you going to do there?" I asked.

"To die. The English doctors have given me over, and will not even allow me

to die among my own people. I may live three months more by going to Nice, but I do not care to take the trouble. I am dying of consumption."

I left my sketching-block and went up to him at once. I put my arm round his neck, and he said, "Take care of my breath, it is death. Is your name Harvey?"

"Yes."

"I thought so. My name is Chetwynd. I am half-brother to your friend John Chetwynd. "Have you any power over your sister?"

"No."

"If you had I should say, keep her from him; but as you have not, paint me. Hark! how beautiful that is. When I am dead I shall be up there and know the mystery of those wonderful echoes."

For a sudden thunderstorm from the

south-west had broken close to us, and the lightning and thunder had come before the rain. We gathered up everything, and went to the cabin, where in a quiet corner we talked much and talked long.

Then on deck again we sat together, while the river grew broader and wider, and at last we outsat all the others, talking until—

“With stars and sea-winds for her raiment,
Night sank on the sea.”

Then I took him down, and left him to get to bed; but I came on deck again and smoked, walking up and down half the night thinking about all that he had told me about Chetwynd, and feeling as entirely unhappy on my first great holiday as ever I had done in my life. The sea-winds were in a most disconsolate humour that night, and seemed to moan of nothing but death.

The approach to the great city of Antwerp is not lively by any means, and with the exception of Flushing, which is certainly fine in colour, I thought that Holland was rather flat, and in a scenical point of view a failure. At the same time it was foreign parts, and so by eleven o'clock, when I had got my things to the Grand Laboureur (the *old* Grand Laboureur), had left a message for my aunt, had declined to breakfast until I returned, and had set off on foot with my new friend for the cathedral, I felt, indeed, that I was beginning to see life. I was as free as a swallow or an eagle, everything was so entirely new to me that I did not know what to look at first. The music of the *carillons*, which seemed hardly to have ceased since I landed, attracted me more than anything, and I was not satisfied until

I arrived at the tower from which they came, and heard them four hundred feet overhead. I looked up at the soaring ribs of stone above me, and like a child as I was, I determined that I would climb the tower before anything, and hear them ring aloft. I told my companion so.

“I hope you will not spoil the romance by getting behind the scenes,” he said, smiling. “I am a Roman Catholic, you know.” (I did not know it.) “And my advice to you is not to get behind the high altar as you can do here, and take Monseigneur *a tergo*. I did it once at a wedding here, and saw a sulky-looking young acolyte mixing oils, as if he was doing a chemical experiment. Once also I went behind the scenes at the opera ; but I never went twice. Leave the bells alone, there is nothing up there but dead metal

and barrels like those of street organs. Continue your illusion that they are played by the angels, and come to High Mass with me, among the sailors' wives, who are praying for their husbands at sea; it is much more in your way."

But I climbed the steeple, and put my head to the largest bell while it was ringing; and then I got on to the topmost pinnacle and looked at the great tower of Mechlin forty miles away (where there are finer chimes than those which were dinning in my ears), and then I came down again under the impression that I had spent a very profitable morning, and thought that I would go and see my aunt.

When I arrived opposite the hotel, I became aware of a small crowd under a particular window, and of an extremely

magnificent feminine voice issuing from it, singing in Italian. The crowd grew greater as I approached, and I did not wonder at it, for more splendid singing I never heard before or since. Yet it was interrupted, and frequently one passage was repeated time after time, which puzzled me rather. I went into the concierge, and got the commissionnaire to show me my aunt's rooms.

“What is the reason of the crowd outside?” I asked.

“Do you not know, monsieur? It is to hear the Comtesse D'Estrada sing. Monsieur's aunt, the Duchess Harvey, is her companion, her tutor, her second self. It is said that your aunt, the good duchess, is a better singer than she is. I remember, madame the duchess singing in Paris, it is

now nearly twenty years ago. *Entrez, monsieur.*”

I thought to myself, as I opened the door, of what my new friend had said to me; and that I had better still believe that the music was that of an angel, and not produced by mechanical means. The lady who confronted me when I entered, however, seemed by no means a mechanical lady, inasmuch as she was decidedly in a most outrageous ill-temper.

“Allez, allez,” she said to me, very angrily, and then turning to my aunt, who was sitting as cool as a cucumber by the piano, she went on, “Madame, you kill me with your inexorable temper; it is now five times I have sung that passage to you, and each time worse.”

“Each time worse,” said my aunt, coolly.

“ You madden me. Is one eternally to sing to an old woman ? ”

“ No,” said my aunt, “ you have to sing shortly before the audience at La Scala, which is not entirely composed of old women. Well, here is my nephew, be civil to him.”

Madame D'Estrada was extremely civil to me ; more civil than any lady had ever been before. She was a handsome girl, as I have said before, excessively dark and gipsy-looking, with very fine eyes, which seemed to wander in a rather vague way until they fixed themselves on something, at which time, as I noticed now and afterwards, there was a trifle too much expression in them either of admiration or anger. In fact, those eyes of madame's were so extremely remarkable and expressive, that she was sometimes addressed by strangers

in the street, although a woman of heroic and transcendant virtue and carefulness of carriage. On one occasion also, when a *sergent de ville* had trodden on her toes, she had looked at him so dreadfully that he had called for assistance, and told his comrades that madame had looked at him in such a frightfully *emportée* manner that he trembled for his life.

Nobody ever clearly knew anything precise about Monsieur D'Estrada. Some said that he was dead, some said that he was not dead, and some said that he never lived. All that I ever got out of my aunt on the subject was that the man was an old *mauvais sujet*, who had treated his young wife in the most shameful manner, and had driven her on to the stage. My aunt gave the young lady the best of

characters, and, knowing my aunt as I did, I was certain that she believed entirely in her and her story. Still my aunt, in some ways, was very simple and foolish, and, after the first glimpse of these eyes on my not very handsome face, I rather distrusted the young lady.

The history of my aunt's engagement with her had been simply this: Madame D'Estrada, at this very time only twenty-four years of age, had been trying to give music lessons. My aunt, who had been in the same way of business under an assumed name, had come across her, and had discovered a voice such as she had never heard before, combined with very low musical education, and great intellectual stupidity. My aunt had discovered that the poor young lady loved her art,

and had kindly taken her in hand. If we had ever been in the world we should have known that my aunt, under her assumed name, was possibly the greatest mechanical mistress in Europe. We knew nothing of it, and my aunt would sit and hear Dora's miserable strumming hour by hour without one attempt at assistance. My aunt had always a fear that the fact of her teaching music would be an injury to my father's position.

But the time came on when my father's position was likely to be compromised by his doctrines, and then she spoke and acted in her own quaint way. At the very first opening she saw she sent Dora into the world. She acted on Lady Frogmarsh and Mr. Hawkins, with what result our readers have seen. But she still wanted money, and a great deal of it, for my

father's case would soon be that of a broken man. Him she was determined never to desert.

She had made two attempts previously with poor young Madame D'Estrada. Some old theatre-goers remember the awful failure which a certain Miss Boyce made at the Surrey Theatre under Mr. Bunn. That young lady was no other than Madame D'Estrada. She forgot her part, and began crying. It was pitiable. The audience were very kind, and she got through somehow, but her engagement came to an end at a price which kept her for six months; after which time my aunt kept her until a certain great *impresario* began to talk about her as a magnificent failure, and my aunt watched her time and studied with her.

The time came. The three days' dis-

appearance of a great actress may be remembered. It was an odd and mysterious affair, with which we have nothing to do. My aunt went to the manager, and said, "Have my Adalgisa for one night; *she* will be back by Thursday." The manager said that he must do so at all hazards. When the audience saw a total stranger come on to answer to the name still in the playbill, there was a slight disturbance, upon which the manager came forward and explained the unhappy position in which he was suddenly placed. The part did not suit the girl, and she was obviously scared, but her appearance was three-quarters of a great success. After the first act Madame D'Estrada lost her timidity, and sang with great *verve* and splendour, but at times with

great incorrectness. She would not do yet, as my aunt told her as she put her shawl on. She must have another year's study.

So ended the two attempts with Madame D'Estrada. At the time of the break-up, for so I may call it, of our old house, the extra year's study was finished, and my aunt would not be beholden to any *impresario* in the world. She executed an agreement with Madame D'Estrada to receive one-third of her earnings for five years. My aunt had nearly kept that lady for above a year, and had devoted the principal part of her time to her. Moreover, the expenses of travel were to be borne by my aunt, and so Madame D'Estrada had made an excellent bargain for herself. My aunt had taken the most excellent care to advertise in a way which

is only possible by those who have lived in the great world. Enormous posters have their use, or what would become of the bill-stickers? But a dozen letters to old friends in the best society, from a beautiful duke's daughter, who had romantically retired from the world after a romantic marriage, did more for Madame D'Estrada than all the posters in the world. The fact is, that my aunt's position was rather romantic, and many leaders of society remembered my aunt singing in old times, while the men remembered not only her singing but her beauty. In short, my aunt did what all the mysterious posters in the world could not do, *she got her protégée talked about*. Now, if you can get any painter, novelist, or poet talked about in

certain quarters, he or she must be an absolute fool unless they make their mark. To give instances would be personal, and might bring us under the law of libel; but my aunt got Madame D'Estrada talked about so well just as the English were going abroad, that she was spoken highly of, and expected in Paris by people who, to use a vulgarism, had never heard a noise out of her head. My aunt told me one day at Coblentz that Lady Frogmarsh had set the whole Evangelical party talking about her for old friendship's sake. I told Lady Frogmarsh the honest truth, that the woman was a Roman Catholic, but Lady Frogmarsh's friendship is stronger than her fanaticism. She had the D'Estrada to her house, and made her sing Beethoven.

I found also that my aunt had advertised her *protégée* a little for herself. *She* was nobody at all; the hotel bills were made out in the name of the Comtesse D'Estrada; the comtesse was not to be disturbed on any account whatever; the comtesse's carriage was to be round at such-and-such an hour; telegrams from the opera at Paris were to be brought to Miladi Harvey, so that the comtesse was not to be disturbed. My aunt knew what she was about, and I think that I have put you fairly in possession of the state of affairs between them at the period of my first interview.

I certainly thought about what my friend the younger Chetwynd had said to me about the mechanical work of the bells after I had been in the room a minute.

“Now, Flore, come here once more. We must have that passage again. You have an audience now. Stand there, Charles. Now Flore, sing to Charles. He is ugly, but quite good enough to sing to.”

So she sang to me, and as she sang she saw my admiration in my eyes. She sang better and better, and with more and more careful mechanical precision. Had she known that I was as ignorant as an owl about music she might possibly have made another failure. But she sang as though she were appealing from my aunt to me, and gave perfect satisfaction; after which we went to lunch.

In the evening my aunt ordered me to take Madame D'Estrada to the theatre, and an extremely agreeable evening we

had. Our box was nearly invisible, save from the stage, and before the end of the last piece I felt that I had known Madame D'Estrada for years.

When I was in bed my aunt, coming coolly in, sat on the foot of it, and said :—

“Has she been making love to you?”

“No.”

“She will to-morrow,” said my aunt, yawning. “She means no harm, but she can’t help it. Good night.”



CHAPTER II.

FOLLOWERS.

MADAME D'ESTRADA most certainly was more polite to me than any lady had ever been before, and on my mentioning to her that I was engaged to be married, she grew more and more confidential. She talked to me continually about Mary Dickson, and I liked it very much. We became the very best of friends. Flirt she would with any man who was in the least way agreeable, but she seemed to me an honest and painstaking

young lady, and I only knew her as a genial and pleasant companion, never dreaming for an instant how my life and hers were bound up together.

To me she was immensely amusing. Seeing that flirtation was out of the question with me, and seeing also that as I was not likely (to use a vulgarism which may pass) to get in tow with her, and to fetch and carry for her, she treated me simply as a friend and brother artist, and unbosomed herself in the most simple manner. "If you will let me consider myself as your sister," she said, at Bonn, before going to bed, "you will give what I have never had before,—a brother. Lovers I have had, but never a brother. Say, shall it be a pact with us?"

I said, "Yes; but that I should behave

as a brother, and request her to do as much for me as I did for her."

"As how, then?"

"Why," I said, "you sent me out to buy gloves for you this morning, and I paid for them. Now, I will show you how to clean my palette to-morrow morning, and I shall expect you to do it."

"You are what the English call a bully," she said, with a laugh; "but he whom I shall marry is a bully, too. Well, I will clean your palette, jackanapes; but you must admire me."

"I do admire you," I said; "but I should admire you more if you did not seek for admiration so much. You had a flirtation with a gentleman at the table d'hôte to-day."

“How can I help myself if the Comte D’Estrelle chose to admire me?”

“You are going,” I said, “to take a great place in the professional world of Europe; you must be very careful. Do you know, for example, who the Comte D’Estrelle is?”

“He is a French nobleman of large property.”

“He is Tom Jackson, the steeplechase rider: a most notorious card-sharper. There is not a young artist in Newman Street who does not know him. I went up to the billiard-room to-night, and found him among the German students. He knew me, and wanted to be quarrelsome. He was very impertinent to me, and we had an argument, at the end of which he offered to fight me (in English). I said

that I would give him an answer to-morrow morning. I left him to his own devices, and talked with Von Lieber, of the Brandenburg Hussars. We watched him, and caught him cheating young Von Hildesheim at *écarté*. I then exposed him, and told his real name. He was turned out of the room, and has orders to leave the town by the police ; for, thank heaven, we are in a land of law."

"He seemed gentlemanly," she said.

"Yes, but you must take greater care," I answered. "I am the only man of the party, and your indiscretions endanger my life. If the question had been between Von Lieber or Von Hildesheim, and not with a broken-down steeplechase rider, I must have fought. Do be more careful. Why, that man, Tom Jackson, started in

life as a common groom, and has merely gained advancement by his personal beauty and his nearly mathematical brain in gambling."

"You are jealous of him, because you are ugly," was her woman's argument.

"I suppose that is the state of the case," I replied, coolly and good-humouredly; "but the next time you flirt, don't let the object of your *tendresse* be a common card-sharper."

"You are a young devil," she said; from which remark it may be readily gathered that Madame D'Estrada and I had managed to get on rather familiar terms during our journey from Antwerp to Bonn.

My aunt never told us day after day to which point she was going to make, and

so, knowing her habits of secrecy, I was not in the least degree surprised at finding that she took us up the Moselle to Trèves. Nor was I at all surprised at her saying that she was going to stay a few days there, as there was no hurry at all about getting to Italy.

I now became so entirely absorbed in my art studies that, with the exception of writing to my father and Mr. Hawkins, I left all English affairs to take their own course. The amount of paint which I used at Trèves alone was so great that my British stock was exhausted, and I had to come on local resources. My aunt calculated that at this rate we should require a special train before we got to Rome for my canvasses alone. I replied to her that if the followers of Madame

D'Estrada increased at their present rate, we should most certainly require a special train for them, and so my canvasses might go into it without extra charge.

"What do you mean?" she said.

"I suppose you know that Von Lieber and Von Hildesheim are both here on furlough, having followed us."

"No," said my aunt, vexed.

"I suppose also that you know that Jack Chetwynd's half-brother is here."

"Hum," said my aunt, "have you heard from Dora?"

"Not a word."

"I don't know what to do," said she. "Those young Prussian monkeys can't cross into France on furlough, I suppose?"

I asked, and found they could not leave

Prussia; and so we resumed the conversation.

“Let us go to Luxemburg, my dear, and we shall be rid of them. Have you much more work to do here?”

I said three days' work, or about that.

“It is paramount that your mind should be expanded. It is absolutely paramount. I can at present manage with regard to money, but the whole burden of keeping the family will ultimately fall on your shoulders. I am by no means sure of Dora's future; and if Lady Frogmarsh did provide for her, we could not live on her money; and Dora is a very tiresome girl, with a will of her own. Suppose she was to marry Jack Chetwynd, she would break with Hawkins and Lady Frogmarsh; and I don't like Chetwynd.”

“Nor do I.”

“The fact is,” said my aunt, “that although I am here, I wish I was at home again. This girl, D’Estrada, is very difficult and tiresome, though she is very good, and I like her very much. She *will* flirt. I wish I could throw young Chetwynd against her at the zenith of her fame, and get him away from Dora.”

“Is her fame so certain, aunt ? ”

“She is one of the greatest singers who ever lived,” said my aunt, quietly.

“But, aunt, the officers in the café talk about her. They speak of her in a way in which I would never allow Dora to be spoken of.”

“Men always talk so of public singers. They cannot say any harm of her, or she would not be under my protection an hour.”

“They say no exact harm of her, but they do not speak of her as I would *make* them speak of yourself or Dora.”

“The girl has sold herself to the public, and she must take the consequences,” replied my aunt, with perfect stoicism. “I, in old times, in the world, have seen girls of the highest family and the most correct behaviour who were habitually talked about and toasted at taverns; those girls are now mothers of the best families in the land. Why, *I* was what they called a reigning toast for more than a year under the name of ‘The Irish Fawn.’ The Prince Regent and Brummel used to break their glasses when they drank my health. Those manners have died out in England with duelling and much more, but they remain in a military nation like Prussia.

There is nothing in it all but a somewhat barbarous admiration of woman."

All this sounded like pure common sense until I got to bed, and there it sounded like utter nonsense. Why the truth about affairs should only come to one in the dark, and when one is in a horizontal position, I am unable to determine. I only know that it is so in my case.

I lay awake that night upon my back, and came to the conclusion that the D'Estrada would bring us no good. I threw the feather mattress off me, and I was cold. I put it on again, and I was hot. I cursed German beds, and lost my temper. I rose in my shirt, and looked out of the window at the Porta Nigra, frowning horribly at the street's end. Below were two of the awful black watchmen, which I believe are no

longer inflicted on the nerves of any population, save that of Trèves, — horrible, black, dark, dim, mysterious, like silent devils. I at this moment wished, I hardly knew why, that the two watchmen had the D'Estrada between them, and were about to conduct her into the Porta Nigra, shut the door on her, and lock her up all night.

I put on my trousers, and went to my aunt's bedroom, which was next to mine. I knocked at the door, and she opened it almost at once, not saying one word.

“Aunt,” I said, “come away.”

“Now?” she said.

“No, to-morrow morning. Come away to Luxemburg.”

“Why?”

“To get rid of these men. There will be a quarrel, and bloodshed.”

“*You* have not been making an ass of yourself?” she said, quietly.

“*I?* No; but we are attracting too many followers. We had best go.”

“Perhaps we had,” said my aunt. And so I went to bed.



CHAPTER III.

THE FIRST VICTIM.



ONLY, however, to be haunted once more by a new form of terror. The last time I saw Trèves was immediately after the battle of Forbach, before the wounded had been brought back, at which time it may be described as in a kind of solemn holiday. But the joyous solemnity of the great blue host, passing on towards assured victory, never made the place cheerful to me. I remembered the old night of horrors too well; and I must do Trèves the credit to say that it is

the most ghostly place I ever was in. A deserted Luxemburg is by no means lively, when you are smoking on the fortifications at midnight on a moonlight night. Sedan, three days after the battle, with the night wind moving the dead men's clothes, was far from cheerful. As for poor little innocent Longwy, during the blockade, the state of that pretty place would have moved the heart of Herod. I have seen all those places in their sharpest hour; but if I wanted (as I do not) to make myself thoroughly miserable, I should take a house at Trèves during a time of public rejoicing.

Foreign nations say that we English can make ourselves more miserable for nothing than any foreign nation. I accept that as a compliment most gladly,—the more

gladly that we get so very few international compliments nowadays. But I do say that if it were possible to get up an international misery show at Trèves, I would desert my country, and back the Germans; and I find that I am confirmed, for a German officer, immediately after an overwhelming victory against the national enemy, is an article which, for stoicism, we cannot compete with in these islands.

I rather digress in recounting my memories of this most solemn and Teutonic of towns.

Perhaps that may be forgiven when I state that I was met at my bedroom door, after leaving my aunt, by young Chetwynd, in a galloping consumption, and dressed only in his shirt and trousers, with a candle held before his ghastly face,

who requested to come into my room and talk to me.

“I will sit on your bed,” he said. “I heard your room door open, and I watched you to your aunt’s room. I beg you to be careful of my breath. The doctor says that it is very deadly. I don’t think that I shall live to get to Nice, and so I want to speak to you. I want to talk to you very much. Your life’s happiness may depend on what I am going to tell you.”

“Will you obey orders?” I said.

“Yes.”

“Get into my bed, and I will lie on the sofa. Put this railway-rug over you at once, and drink this wine.”

“What wine?”

“This tumbler-full of Walportsheimer.”

He took it off, and thanked me with his eyes.

“If you offer to move out of that bed to-night,” I said, “I will knock you down and tread on you.”

“Yes, I will be good; but give me tobacco, and more wine,—more wine. I take none, for I can get none without brandy in it, and that makes me cough. I could live on this wine. Where did you get it?”

“Von Hildesheim told me of it. It is probably the best wine in the world.”

“Von Hildesheim. Yes. Give me that pipe of Varinas, and some more of your wine, and I shall be a man. Oh, God! that I should have come down to this!”

I waited until he chose to speak again. It was not long.

“ You know that woman, D’Estrada, by now.”

“ I know her perfectly well.”

“ What made your aunt take up with her ? ”

“ Oh, a variety of reasons.”

“ She had much better have nothing to do with her.”

“ Of that I am aware ; but I cannot enter into particulars.

“ Are you in love with her ? ”

“ No,” I replied ; I happen to be in love with some one else.”

“ Von Hildesheim is.”

“ So I should suppose.”

“ My half-brother, Jack Chetwynd, is also.”

“ He has never seen her.”

“ They are engaged to be married. She

has letters from him which would compromise a rich man like him ten times over to the tune of ten thousand pounds. He writes to me, though he hates me, and he tells me that he intends to marry your sister Dora."

"That he shall never do," I replied.

"How will you prevent it?"

"By letting him know that he will marry a beggar," I answered. "If I know your brother, that will put an end to the matter."

"It would if he believed it; but I know a great deal. Your sister has got a hold on Mr. Hawkins and Lady Frogmarsh which will never be shaken. I am fully aware that they disapprove of the match, if match it ever will be; but when all is said and done, I am absolutely certain that

if my brother were to marry your sister to-morrow, it would make no material difference. My brother is very handsome and very rich. He is a most excellent match. They could scarcely do better with a young lady like your sister; for having a very strong will of her own, she will never marry any one she does not like, and I suspect that she is strongly attached to Jack."

Really and truly, when I came to think of it, here, so far away, without Jack Chetwynd's exasperating beauty before me, I began dimly to think that Dora might do a great deal worse.

"After all said," I replied, "I cannot really discuss family matters with so great a stranger as yourself; and if there is any trouble with Madame D'Estrada, I can only say that I could give an account of her

indiscretions which would take the wind out of her sails."

"Of what indiscretions?" said the dying man. "Name one."

I was perfectly finished at once. I could not name one.

"Indiscretions!" he said, with a laugh; "she never committed any with me."

"With you?"

"A year ago," he said, "I was one of the handsomest lads in London; and I fell in love with her when I saw her play Adalgisa. She maddened me with those gipsy eyes of hers. I got an introduction to her through my brother, who, from his cold, cruel, martinet character, has the *entrée*, as a safe man, to all the green-rooms in England. That woman D'Estrada

is more cold, more cruel, and more calculating than he is ; and she encouraged me, while she knew that my health was bad ; but when she found that I was poor, she threw me overboard, and the eyes were transferred to my brother. She is cleverer than he is, and she got letters from him,—letters which she showed me at Coblentz.”

“ Why ? ”

“ Because she had heard of your sister.”

“ But,” I said, “ it is not difficult to get rid of her, if Chetwynd chooses.”

“ You speak very coldly, and, I think, very meanly,” said Chetwynd. “ Your sister’s happiness must be something to you, surely ? ”

“ It is a great deal ; but I do not like discussing such matters with strangers.”

“Well,” said he, “I can only tell you, for the first and last time, that this woman, D’Estrada, is in love with my brother. She never cared for a man before; but she cares for him, and woe betide your sister if she comes between her and my brother.”

I slept on the sofa, and morning came. I arose from my sofa very silently, leaving Jack Chetwynd’s brother in my bed, quite quiet. I bustled about at packing until it was nearly nine o’clock, and congratulated myself at the soundness of his sleeping. But at nine I went to wake him to say good-bye.

I went to wake him as I used to wake my brother Dick when he slept too long, I passed my hands through his hair; but without effect. I slipped out of the room.

and went down to that of an English doctor, whom I had met the night before. He came up at once, and rolled the dead man's heavy head over towards me : livid, with the white teeth showing, but perfectly quiet and perfectly beautiful.

“ Poor fellow,” said the doctor ; “ he has been dead some hours. Did you feel him move in the night ? ”

“ I was not sleeping with him. I lay on the sofa.”

“ Came to you in distress, in the night, eh ? ” said the doctor.

“ He told me that he should not live to reach Nice,” I said ; “ but he did not complain.”

“ Nervous shock of some kind, I fancy,” said the doctor. “ Did he over-talk himself ? ”

“Yes, and on a delicate matter,” I replied.

“Lady in the case?”

“Yes.”

“I need not ask whom; she will make some more victims with those eyes of hers. Poor fellow! He came to me at Bertrick, and I told him that one lung was utterly gone, and that he must avoid all nervous excitement. It is a comfort to think that nothing could have saved him for a month; I found that he was taking cod-liver oil, and I declined my fee. I suppose he was following her; the worst thing he could have done. Well, I will go to the mayor and fetch another doctor or so. You are an old friend of his, of course.”

“I am an old friend of his half-brother,” I replied, “but I hardly knew of his existence a fortnight ago.”

“ Well, telegraph to his brother to come at once. You must stay here, of course, until he comes. I will put everything in train for you.”



CHAPTER IV.

DICK IN A NEW LIGHT.



WENT at once to the post-office, and sent a telegram to Jack Chetwynd, telling him the mournful news, and begging him to come at once. I then inquired for letters, of which I found more than one for myself: one for my aunt, and a considerable number in masculine hands for Madame D'Estrada, whom I began to wish at the bottom of the Moselle.

First letter from my father:—

“MY DEAR BOY, — I will begin by the very best of good news which your aunt’s *most secret communication* before she started—viz., that she was going by Trèves, Thionville, and Metz, instead of Paris—enables me to send you, at once.

“Your brother Dick is entirely provided for. Mr. Hawkins’s kindness is simply unbounded. Mr. Hawkins came here the other morning, and asked after Dick; finding that he was not at home, he asked for me, and having apologized for not having asked for me at first, said that his visit was not to me at all, but to Dick. ‘I shall renew my visit to *you*, sir, in two days, if you think it would be convenient for me to see you and your son together.’ I replied that it would do me much

pleasure, and he was going away when he turned and said, in his quaint way, ‘Mind, sir, neither I nor Lady Frogmarsh can possibly assist you in the legal proceedings which must follow on your sermon of last Sunday. Our principles do not admit of it. In any other way, sir, you can command us to any extent.’ I told him that I entirely trusted to my sister-in-law and my son, and hoped that he would not think me disgraced, but remember me as an honest man. He shook my hand warmly, and departed.

“In two days he came again, and Dick was at home. Dick had made a rather good month of it, being only 18s. 4d. wrong with his money. I was so cheerful about this, that I received Mr. Hawkins with a, for me, quite enthusiastic welcome.

‘Dear sir,’ he said, ‘I have come to speak to you about your son.’

“Dick, who was lying down, got into a sitting posture, and Mr. Hawkins went on, speaking to Dick,—

“‘I want to ask you, sir, if you think that for a salary of £100 a year, paid quarterly, you could contrive to lie on your back in a bunk on board ship, and occasionally when in port take stock of boxes and barrels, and things of that kind. You have only, do you see,’ said Mr. Hawkins, eagerly, ‘to see them go on board and to see them come out again, keeping of course a reckoning in your books. You think you could do that?’

“Dick turned to me. ‘Tell him about the money, father,’ he said.

“I explained that my son was one of

the honestest lads and best sons who ever stepped, when Mr. Hawkins interrupted me. ‘My dear sir,’ he said, ‘you need not tell me that a son of yours is honest; it goes in the blood; and deeply as I regret your sermon of last week, and still more deeply as I regret its consequences, I am absolutely certain that no child of the man who braved everything to preach that sermon would ever commit an act which would disgrace such a noble, though mistaken, father.’

“I explained as well as I could that Dick never could count change if it was given to him in a hurry: that once he had committed the mistake of being five pounds to the good, but that ever since then he was generally about a pound to the month to the bad.

“ ‘ But this is not a question of counting money,’ said Mr. Hawkins. ‘ *I can’t count money if I am in a hurry.* Do you know that on one occasion there was a fight in my class (in my absence, which I fear was very frequent), in which ten squares of glass were broken, and for which I fined the class £2. 14s. 6d. What did I do with that money, sir? I forgot all about it, and embezzled it, sir. By the bye, I found out afterwards that the mischief was all done by your son Charles, Dickson, Chetwynd, and Hubert, throwing at one another the little Leipzig Herodotus, four of which were found to have gone through the window by the porter, and a fifth, with the name of Heath in it, through the dissecting-room skylight, although the boy Heath stoutly declared to the last that at that

very moment he had been set on the stove in the middle of the room by Mr. Fearnley, for howling in the corridor. But I digress. This is only a question of keeping an account of bales and boxes and such things. Do you think you could do that, Mr. Dick ? ’

“ Dick said that he would either do it or jump overboard ; and so Mr. Hawkins informed him that he was appointed super-cargo of the *Lion*, which ship was commanded by his own brother, Captain Hawkins, of the Naval Reserve.

“ Captain Hawkins seems as kind as his brother. I asked him to dinner, and he came from the ship with Dick. The moment that the wine was put on, he ordered Dick off again to his duty, and sat alone with me and Miss Lee.

“ ‘ That’s a fine chap, that son of yours,

sir,' he said. 'What a pity he didn't come to me five years ago; but I'll be the making of him yet.'

" 'What will you make of him?' I asked.

" 'A fine sailor, old as he is,' said Captain Hawkins. 'It's late in life; but a man with the courage of a lion and the activity of a panther will make a sailor any day. Did he ever show any turn for the sea?'

" Miss Lee said, without looking up from her plate, yes, that he had often talked to her of trying the sea, more particularly lately. He had also talked of enlisting as a soldier.

" 'My brother,' said Captain Hawkins, 'says that he is a fool. How do you find that, miss?'

“ ‘He is no fool at all,’ said Miss Lee, looking straight at the captain. ‘No one knows him but myself. Give him physical action, excitement, and the chance of a career away from this miserable prison of bricks and mortar in which his life has been sacrificed, and he will be as fine a man as any of you.’ After saying which, Miss Lee rose and left the room.

“ ‘She’s touched,’ whispered Captain Hawkins. ‘What a beautiful couple they will make.’

“ I said she was a good girl, but that there was not much chance of their coming together. After which Captain Hawkins launched out into praises of Dick which utterly surprised me. I went secretly down to the docks myself the next day, and watched the deck of the ship for a

long time. I was perfectly astounded. Your brother Dick was a transformed being. A large consignment had come in, and there he was in his shirt-sleeves with his book, bawling, ordering every one here and there; assisting with impossible burdens, and making them possible by strength and dexterity. The riggers had left the ship, and only a few of the crew were on board. A block jammed while lifting a heavy case on board; in one minute Dick was aloft, creeping along the yardarm until it made me giddy to look at him. He set the block free, and gave his orders from aloft as if he had been there all his life, after which he swung himself down from one rope to another like Leotard. I was utterly surprised. All at once he saw me, and came on

shore. The men passed the word that I was his father, and I found myself an object of the greatest admiration and respect. Dick made me have wine in the cabin, and I promised that I would go down with them to Gravesend, which I did a day or two after.

“I was more completely surprised at Dick’s position than ever. Captain Hawkins took him away from me, and went down into the hold with him, to *consult* him, as he told me afterwards, about the ship’s trimming. As for me, I was made a perfect idol of, and for the first time in my life I was entirely proud of Dick. ‘It ain’t too late yet, sir,’ said Captain Hawkins to me, with a chuckle. ‘What a sailor he will make. Twenty-two is old, but it’s never too old for such as he. Why, Blake

was a matter of forty before ever he saw the sea, so to speak. You will excuse my language, but I was brought up rough-and-tumble, and speak plain. My brother *he* got the education, and has married a fine lady, more power to her elbow ; but they'll never make a fine gentleman of me, kind as they are. I tell you, sir, that that son of yours ought to have had the tar on his breeches (he specified the place, but I spare you) six years ago. He is a fine fellow.'

"I was to go on shore at Gravesend, and Dick took me aside and said, 'Father, believe in me through everything. Believe me to be a fool, but believe me to be no worse. I have been a great and awful fool, father, and at this last moment I would tell you, only that I am afraid of

your telling Lady Frogmarsh. I will make a career, and then she can say nothing. You must trust me. I am not very clear-witted in business, but I am certain that I had best say no more.'

"I replied, 'I can trust you, and be proud in you, my boy; take my blessing. Have you any message for home?'

" 'I have written to Dora,' he answered.

" 'Have you no message to Miss Lee?' I asked.

" 'Miss Lee; I do not know such a person,' he said, laughing. 'If you mean the governess, you can tell her to see if she can't get married before I come home, or if I make my fortune, I will marry her myself.'

"I went into the boat at the side, and

Dick followed me ; when he kissed me at last, before swinging himself up by a rope, there was a light in his eyes, for which I am at a loss to account.

“ Your ever-loving father,

“ CHARLES HARVEY.”

Ah ! father ! father ! That light in Dick's eyes ! Was it not in your own as you sat alone with my dead mother, and she spoke to you, just six months before Dick was born ?



CHAPTER V.

MORE LETTERS.

“**D**EAREST LAD,—It is all over, or nearly so. My last sermon on the Church of Thyatira has brought the bishop down on me, and I am forbidden to preach in his diocese. I went to him to see if I could do anything at all, and I can only say that I left him with a love and reverence which I never felt for him before. I told him boldly (that I should use such a word towards such a gentle man) that I would not accept the

Revelations as canonical. He pointed out to me that my ordination vows forced me to do so. I then announced my secession from the Church of England, but he would not accept my resignation under any circumstances.

“He said, ‘Bring your religious difficulties to me in six months, and then I will decide; but, in the meantime,’ he said, laughing, ‘preach you shan’t in my diocese, nor, if I can help it, in any other.’

“I urged that the question of the Church of Thyatira vitiated the canonical value of the whole Revelations; he declined to argue the matter, saying that he was put there to defend canons, not to fight for them. I had taken vows to preach the authenticity of Scripture, and if I attacked their authen-

ticity, I must do the best work I could out of the pale of the Church of England. I was to have a year to consider my position, which was surely not hard measure. I said no, but that his lordship must consider that, supposing my convictions to remain the same, I should be taking money for parochial work from the Church while I was holding doctrines different from hers.

“He said, ‘So long as I can stop you preaching, I do not care—if you preached badly I would not care; but since you have pronounced these opinions, you have been preaching splendidly, and your church is getting fuller every Sunday. I shall put a stop to it. As for the money, as for the wretched pittance you take from the Church, that is fairly earned by your

splendid parish work. Go on for six months, dear Harvey. Is your mind troubled about the Liturgy ? ’

“ ‘Atha——’

“ ‘Nasian creed,’ said his lordship. ‘Well, my dear Harvey, that only comes twice in the next six months, and my chaplain shall give you a holiday on those days. I suppose you will go, but there are six months to think about it. Meanwhile, I thank God that you are not going to Rome, at all events. Do you really think, after all, that you will leave us ? ’

“ I replied that there was little doubt of it, and that my present choice lay between the Society of Friends, the Moravians, and the Primitive Methodists.

“ ‘This,’ said the bishop, ‘is absolute moonshine ; those three pure sects are as

deeply committed to the Bible as it stands as we are. Besides, all three are, in reality, Socialist.'

"I replied that possessing nothing on earth myself, I was naturally a Socialist, and (you know my way) that the first and greatest preacher of Socialism was our Saviour.

"I then (with my usual discretion) proceeded to remark that I believed in the second coming of Christ, and that he would never come until the world had returned to the original gospel which he preached and died for,—that of pure Socialism. The bishop was not in the least degree frightened; he scratched his head a good deal, and laid his two hands on my shoulders when I went. But it comes to the same thing in the end. The Church

of England and I part company at the end of six months.

“I am looking at the bread and butter, not for myself, but for the children.

“Your dear father,

“CHARLES HARVEY.”

DORA TO CHARLES.

“DEAR CHARLES,—I think that you would scarcely know your pretty sister now, for she is pretty no longer, at least in her own eyes. My dear, I hate it. If you saw me now you would only see my clothes. I am a great deal too fine. I thought that I should like it, but I don't.

“As for news, we are here at Brighton, but we are going abroad. We are going

up the Moselle, and then are to travel in Lorraine, and ultimately meet your party, and go on to Rome with you.

“I am terribly perplexed about myself. John Chetwynd has offered to me, and I have refused him, but I do not want to talk about myself just now. I want to talk to you about Dick and Miss Lee. Dick has been set on his legs by Mr. Hawkins, and is a made man. Miss Lee has told me that they are to be married after his first voyage, but she seems very much distressed, as though she distrusted him. I am sure Dick is good, and I told her so, but she cried very much. She is afraid that he will be drowned, I think.

“Pa is suspended by that tiresome old bishop for saying that Jericho was not the other side of Jordan, but this side, or

something of that sort. I should think that Pa knew quite as well as he did. I sat next the bishop at dinner at the palace at Chichester the other day, and I asked him whether Jericho was higher than Jerusalem. He said he did not know. I said that the Bible said that a certain man went *down* from Jerusalem to Jericho, and that therefore Jerusalem must be higher than Jericho. He then remembered that Jerusalem was. I said that I felt a personal interest in the question, as Pa seemed to have fallen among thieves. He said that he was afraid Pa had. He was very nice and agreeable, and in the morning gave me his blessing, at which I was very glad. The Crown Prince of Prussia was there, and talked like the clicking of a clock, so that I longed to contradict him every

moment, but did not dare. Jack Chetwynd is after me everywhere, but what can I do? The man is in society, and I cannot avoid him. I rather think that I like him, but I am not sure.

“DORA.”



CHAPTER VI.

I AM EXAMINED ON A CHARGE OF MURDER.



THE removal from Trèves of my aunt and Madame D'Estrada was not delayed by the unfortunate death of poor young Chetwynd. My aunt hurried away to Luxemburg at once, but it was impossible for me to go for many reasons. The young man had left his own bed, and had died in mine, and, to my immense astonishment, I was considered to be under suspicion. At the inquiry some rather strange questions were put to me

by the magistrate, which I answered with a rather insular dexterity.

“Have you any belief that the deceased man committed suicide?”

“No.”

“Why not?”

“Because he died of consumption, and when I first met him in London, he told me he was going to Nice to die.”

“Had you any object in his death?”

“How could I have?”

“That is no answer. Was he not following Madame D'Estrada?”

“Yes.”

“Which is also your case.”

“In what sense?”

“You are again prevaricating; be very careful. Are you not an admirer of Madame D'Estrada?”

“Most emphatically, no.”

“You show a great want of good taste, but this is scarcely satisfactory. The name of your sister is, I believe, Dora.”

I stood perfectly dumb with amazement.

“You are greatly surprised, and look very guilty. Frankness and not prevarication will be the best *rôle* you can play here. Chetwynd, the brother of the dead man, is an admirer of your sister Dora.”

“Cursethat Walportsheimer,” I thought, “and yct I never have been drunk.” Then I answered aloud, “Yes, but she has rejected his suit.”

“Do you approve or disapprove of Mr. Chetwynd’s marrying your sister? Be very careful, and answer more frankly than you have done hitherto.”

I thought that the truth was the best thing in this wonderful complication, and I said, "I disapprove."

"Exactly," said the Judge. "Now I have to ask you, did you ever hear that the living Chetwynd was enamoured of Madame D'Estrada?"

"I cannot deny——"

"Yes or no, and be careful."

"Yes, then."

"Would you prefer a marriage between your sister and the living Chetwynd, or a marriage between him and Madame D'Estrada?"

"Before God——" I began.

"Avoid the use of expletives. They will do you no good. Answer the last question."

"I would do anything to prevent a

marriage between my sister and Chetwynd."

"Exactly," said the judge. "Well, you are suspected at present of removing the younger Chetwynd in order to get him out of the way of Madame D'Estrada, and pave the way for his brother to come into the full light of Madame D'Estrada's attractions. This telegram is yours, I believe."

"Yes."

"Calling the live brother to come and see after the funeral of the dead one, on the very spot where Madame D'Estrada was only yesterday morning. This letter of yours is only a copy; it was opened at the post-office and copied. You see that you urge Chetwynd to come at once, and go on to Luxemburg to join your aunt and

Madame D'Estrada. I am sorry to say it to one so young and so greatly under suspicion, but if our suspicions are in any way true, this is a very heartless case. We find also that you have allowed your mind to revel in very unhealthy subjects, some of them now disagreeably suggestive. Your sketches have been examined in your absence, and are found many of them to be of a sanguinary and horrible character. I am right, I think, in believing that the sketch of the murder of Lord Edward Fitzgerald in his bedroom is by your hand."

I had breath enough left to gasp out, "Certainly."

"And that the figure of the dying Lord Edward, lying half naked, is that of your own brother Richard."

I fairly burst out laughing.

“Your levity is ill-timed, sir. This animated sketch also is signed by your name, and represents the Duke of Clarence sleeping naked, with the murderers entering his cell. Is the Duke of Clarence again your brother?”

Alas, it was dear Dick, without a rag on his handsome body. He had come home the worse for liquor one night, and I had gone so far towards getting him to bed as to strip him as bare as he was born, but when I offered to put on his night-shirt, he kicked me violently in the stomach, and so I drew him as the Duke of Clarence, and afterwards put in Jack Chetwynd and Will Dickson as the murderers.

I answered that the nude figure was certainly my own brother.

“Your affection for your brother must be a singular one, sir, and your mind must be a very strange one, if you can only draw scenes of murder and horror. Again, I think that the dead figure marked ‘Liberty’ in this sketch is your brother’s corpse.”

I allowed that it was.

“And the figure dancing on it, and labelled ‘Junker,’ is an excellent portrait of myself.”

(I had taken him off at the café in some unlucky moment, and being at that time very democratic, had handed the sketch about among some students and some officers. I was utterly shent.)

“I am sorry to say, sir, that you must go to prison, pending the inquiries of the

doctors ; ” and to prison I went under suspicion of murder, entirely dumb-founded that I had not one word to say for myself.



CHAPTER VII.

PRISON.



WAS immensely amused at being shut up in prison on a suspicion of murder, though at times I was very honestly and fairly sad about the death of the poor young fellow, of whom I had known so very little. It was a small whitewashed cell at the end of a long passage, in which I was incarcerated, and there was another prisoner with me, who seemed amazingly rejoiced to see me. We fraternized at once, though

he might have been there for murder for aught I cared. He, however, was not there for murder. He (a young shoemaker) had taken more to drink than suited his constitution, and, coming into the street in broad daylight, had taken the first young lady he met round the waist, and by force and violence had waltzed all down the street with her, then kissed her, and handed her over to a Hauptmann of Carbineers for the next dance. The young lady being the eldest daughter of the *Bürghmeister*, this young man had been sent to prison for a month to reconsider himself; and so I had the benefit of his company and conversation for above a fortnight, and a capital young fellow he was.

I was in a very irritated and whimsical

frame of mind, and, like most of old schoolboys, and, indeed, like most English young men, cast about to see what mischief I could do, and how I could make myself disagreeable. The means were at hand. There was a stove full of half-burnt sticks which my young friend the shoemaker pointed out as having tempted him in the way of writing personal libels on people in authority, but he said he was afraid. I, however, was not. Before we had our dinner pushed into us, I had done a scandalous caricature of the King of Prussia, drunk, with a dozen champagne bottles round him (those were the days of King Cliquot, the present king is a very different man). I then drew a picture of the Hauptmann and the young lady with whom my friend had waltzed ;

and, in short, drew on the walls in my best style, everything which I thought would be most disagreeable to the Prussians.

Von Lindenau, the governor of the prison, came to see me once a day, and I used to see his beautiful brown eyes twinkle when he looked at these caricatures of mine, although he was never supposed to see them. I may write his name down, for he is dead now, and I may write it down as that of a pure, noble, worthy German gentleman. It is no disgrace to France to be beaten by such men.

I asked him almost at the first, "When are they going to let me out?"

"Some of your friends," he said, "do not seem very anxious about you."

“ Which friends ? ”

“ Chetwynd is here, and has buried his brother. He is denied access to you.”

“ On what grounds ? ”

“ I cannot say. I am but a soldier and a gaoler. Is he your friend ? ”

“ I should think so.”

“ It seems strange, then. He might have blown all this idle babble of our ridiculous *Bürgermeister* to the winds by now. The doctors have proved the cause of death and your humanity ; but Chetwynd has asked for further inquiry, or something of that kind—I know not what. He says that your character must be utterly cleared up ; that you are his dearest friend ; that he will make an international matter of it. In fact, he is leading your consul a devil of a life. All of which

is most exemplary," said Von Lindenau, "but it is the last thing he should do if he wants to get you away from here at once. I could have let you go to your hotel to-day if he had not made such a noise about the affair. If you are out of this place under a month, you are lucky. Our people dislike being bullied, and Chetwynd is bullying about you. Had he taken another tone, there would have been no difficulty."

I was extremely thoughtful after this, and did not draw any more caricatures for a day or so ; but my young fellow-prisoner was so very kind and cheerful that I let things go, and worked away at colloquial German with him. I never see the moonlight stealing into my room now but what I think of the bed which was opposite mine in those times under the whitewashed wall,

with Hans in it. If either of us thought that the other was awake, there would be a subdued “Psh! Psh!” (so that the sentry might not hear), and then we would sit up in bed, light pipes, and talk not only politics, but things in general. Hans, like most shoemakers, being a Radical and a Freethinker, and I excessively Liberal in my opinions, we arrived at the most singular results. We started at twelve o’clock one night on the admitted major that the unit of a State was not the agglomerated State, but the individual; by half-past two we had agreed that the whole world was but one State, and that therefore the individual who was not conscious of universal Iamity was an unworthy citizen. After which, we went to sleep; but when the gaoler came in the next

morning with our coffee, he found us sitting on opposite beds, in our shirts, arguing as to whether pure Republican principles would be likely to obtain in other planets than our own. Hans, while scratching his knees, arguing that truth prevailed through all space : that Democracy was truth, and that therefore Democracy was the governing principle in the double nebulæ. The gaoler being appealed to, asked if it was the custom in the double nebulæ to get drunk and kiss burgomasters' daughters ; which brought us to earth again, and high time, too.

Von Lindenau came in a few days after (he came every day, but only formally), and told me that there was a great deal of trouble about my case,—Chetwynd had complicated it by his ill-timed anxiety for

me. He had written a violent letter to the Prussian ambassador in London, which had given great offence. The English, said Von Lindenau, were not popular on the Rhine, and were sometimes very insolent (here he glanced at my caricatures on the wall). It was a pity that the English should fancy that all the world belonged to them. They should behave like other people. The Prussians were not all inn-keepers, who would take English insults for English gold. The Prussians were very proud. Chetwynd had insulted every one.

Hans spoke out,—“This Englishman will insult no one. He has a true international heart.”

Von Lindenau laughed, and looked at my caricatures ; and, with all my London impudence, I had nothing to say.

“Chetwynd has left here,” said Von Lindenau, “and has left such a mess behind him that I doubt if you will leave this place before your new friend the shoemaker. By the bye, my friend the shoemaker, the surgeon and the adjutant of the 109th regiment will wait on you here to-morrow morning,—your class is called out.”

“I am to go to the army, then ?”

“Why, you were due last year, but you were passed over, as supporting your mother. You must go now. We cannot continue these irregularities.”

“I will see after your mother,” I said.

“There is no need,” said Hans ; “she will get my pay. I wonder if there is any army in the planet Saturn ?”

“The principle of Dem—”

“For heaven’s sake, stop that nonsense,” said Von Lindenau, laughing; “any of our tailors or shoemakers will talk that by the yard. Here, you Hans, granted that there was an army in Saturn, in what metal should it be paid?”

“In gold,” said the incautious Hans. He ought to have said in the individual consciousness of the universal lamity; but he didn’t,—he was thinking of his mother.

“But Saturn is lighter than cork: therefore, how could you pay an army in gold, with a specific gravity of 20?”

I suggested, “Paper thalers.”

“Not a bad suggestion,” said Von Lindenau. “However, neither of you are going to Saturn. You must, I fear, stay here over this monstrously ridiculous busi-

ness, and Hans must go to Wasserbilig. Say, Hans, you can go now.”

I watched him, and as I did so, I fear there was something more in my eyes than tobacco-smoke. The young man only glanced quickly from Von Lindenau to me, and shook his head. Von Lindenau nodded, and left the cell.

Oh, you brutal, barbaric Germans, you hordes of Attila, overrunning the sacred soil of pure and unstained France, what measure shall be meted to you for your innumerable sins? Ask the starving and ruined peasants of Lorraine, among whom we saw you after Gravelotte, and St. Privat, moving about like noble beneficent gods among a people who were still their enemies, but with whom the Germans were sharing their last ration. When a man

has seen what I and Mr. Watson, the Quaker, saw of the behaviour of the Germans in Lorraine, after the great battles, one's mind is filled with a profound contempt for the French press, which nothing will ever wipe away. What hope is there for a nation which lives on lies, like the French? but we can look nearer home, and be shamed. False as the French press was during the war, the Irish national press is far worse.

Hans would not go,—he would stay in prison with me.



CHAPTER VIII.

OFFICIOUS FRIENDS.



Y good friend Jack Chetwynd, in his ferocious friendship, had succeeded in making me rather a notorious character. Granby Dickson, kindest of little men, and most indiscreet of friends, happened to have fallen out with the foreign minister on some subject, and hurled me at his head (so to speak) in the House, as the original *Civis Romanus*, in comparison with which all others were fraudulent imitations and untradesmen-like

falsehoods. The Foreign Minister had to defend himself against Granby Dickson, and in doing so, he found it necessary to blacken my character in a terrible way. Granby Dickson described me as a young artist of great personal attractions, whose name was known wherever the word Art was known.

He said that I was pining in a foreign gaol, a common felon's gaol, and that the Consul at Trèves had been refused admittance to me, although he was perfectly aware that I was in a cell with a young man who had been convicted of felony. Granby Dickson wanted to know whether the Foreign Secretary called this carrying on the business of his office, and protecting British citizens abroad.

I never read such a flattering account

of myself as Granby Dickson (who had never seen me, and had only known my name for twenty-four hours) gave of me in the House of Commons. The account of the Foreign Minister was altogether different.

The Foreign Minister was extremely famous for ministerial replies; I have heard some very queer ministerial replies lately; but I frankly confess that as far as my knowledge goes, no minister ever turned white into black as that old diplomatist did in my case, just at the time when I was longing to get out and knew perfectly well that Dora, Madame D'Estrada and Chetwynd would be alone together with the Hawkins', my aunt, and probably Von Hildesheim. I got the account of the whole debate from the

Cologne Gazette which Von Lindenau brought me, and when I read the reply of our Foreign Minister, I said to Von Lindenau “*γνώθι σεαυτόν.*” The Foreign minister said :—

“The protection of the British Government would of course be extended to any subject, however unworthy, in any part of the world, however remote (cheers). He need hardly say that; the blockade of Athens was doubtless fresh in the mind of the House. Every means should be taken to see that the dark aspersion cast on the young man in question should be cleared up.

“But, at the same time, he would beg to call the attention of his honourable friend (Granby Dickson) to a few facts. The case of the Prussian Government

against Mr. Charles Harvey was undoubtedly strong; and were a young Prussian or Frenchman in prison in England on such an accusation, and should the extradition of that young Prussian or Frenchman be demanded by either nation, he for one would resist it at the risk of war (enthusiastic cheering). It might be said that we were unfit to go to war. (No! no!) We might be or might not be, he was not there to discuss the matter; but if we were to go to war, and the programme of his honourable friend (Granby Dickson) meant war or nothing, let it be for a worthy object. War with Prussia would cost at least 70,000,000 of money, and in case of an alliance between Prussia and Russia, the loss of the overland route to India. He

was perfectly satisfied to sacrifice all to save a worthy citizen: was this young man Harvey a worthy citizen? He feared that he must answer, No. His honourable friend had described him as an artist whose works were known wherever art was known. Now, he (the Foreign minister) had spent three times the sum he had ever received from the State in the way of salary in a long, and he trusted not altogether useless career (tremendous cheering) in buying modern pictures and in encouraging young artists, yet he had never seen one solitary production of this young man Harvey, nor had ever heard of one. My honourable friend (Granby Dickson) speaks of this young man's personal attractions; of course there is no disputing about tastes, saving that there is such a

thing as good taste and bad taste; and as a matter of detail, I met this very young man at a party at Lady Frogmarsh's a month or so ago, and that he was described to me as a most ridiculous and bumptious young snob."

"I rise to order," from Granby Dickson.

"I am using another's words, and although I may be put down by clamour, I may have time to say that I saw the young man long enough to make me endorse my friend's opinions of the young man. His character is far from good: he was expelled from school, and was being sent to Rome by the charity of Lady Frogmarsh, when this charge of foul play comes on him, and my honourable friend takes up his case, not in the

most polite way in the world. As for his pining in a Prussian gaol, that is simply nonsense—he is perfectly well cared for, and shares his room with a most respectable young man, who is accused of, of—let me see—of waltzing on Sunday.”

“That is no sin in Germany,” growled Granby Dickson.

“Ah! but, like you, he waltzed to the wrong tune.”

The House thought this a splendid piece of wit, and laughed like a French National Assembly over it.

The deliberative sides having ceased to ache, the Foreign Minister concluded by saying that in the present stage of the question he should do nothing at all.

Granby Dickson made nothing by his motion, except getting our country laughed at, and getting me detained by the Prussians, without a soul allowed to see me.

N.B.—If you get into any small trouble in Germany, don't come the *Civis Romanus* dodge, as my dear friend Jack Chetwynd did for me.

Conceive the transcendant absurdity of a Prussian or an American doing it here. Remember that we, on sentimental political grounds, habitually receive the men who are bound to bathe Europe in blood for their ends. I saw Garibaldi come up Parliament Street in the Duke of Sutherland's carriage—a gross political insult to 120,000,000 of men. I

have stood at Bradlaugh's elbow (he quite unconscious) when he has denounced every form of present society. Manning gives us over to the devil periodically, but no one interferes with him in any way; yet we rub on with very little friction. I take it, that the Germans are the people who get on with the least friction. Von Lindenau was a Catholic, and he saw my great cartoon of the Pope being fried in a frying-pan, but he did not care, he only suggested that I was the proper man to be in the frying-pan. Von Adler came to me with my dismissal, and he said,

“You are a Democrat, I also; but obedience is the first duty of democracy.”

However, Chetwynd had got his will

of me, and it was six weeks before I and Hans parted at the door of the prison—he to Wasserbilly, I to Luxemburg and Metz.



CHAPTER IX.

THE GLACIS.



HAVE seen Metz lately under rather painful circumstances—that is to say, with the Archduke Charles tearing on night and day past it towards the dark night and fury of Sedan. It looked very beautiful with the old, glorious cathedral soaring above the sea of cannon-smoke and the burning villages. German friends told me that Metz was doomed, but I did not believe

them. I could not believe that the queen of the Moselle was doomed. I had got to like Metz so many years before, in my first dream of life and freedom, that I could think that no evil could befall her, peerless among fortresses. When I first saw Metz I was an idle and foolish boy, and I fell in love with the town at once, though I approached it in the most dismal weather. You see that I had been suffering a long course of imprisonment, and so even Luxemburg, under Prussian Government, was cheerful compared to Trèves.

I got letters at Luxemburg. My father had walked into the desert, refusing the tents of Edom. There was evidently no money in that quarter, and so I sent some

of my own. Miss Lee was extremely ill, always "on her back," as my father said, and it was absolutely necessary that Dr. Dash should see her every day for a long time. I thought whether or no Miss Lee would be ill for a twelvemonth, and calculated her expense at £365 a year. I rather wished that my brother Dick had married her, and taken her to sea as a stewardess.

Will Dickson wrote to me, and told me a deal of old gossip, quite worthless to me now, about the old boys and about every one. He told me to be very careful about Jack Chetwynd, and I promised myself to be so.

There was a letter from Chetwynd also, a very odd letter. He told me that they were all at Metz, and by *all* I found he

meant my aunt, Madame D'Estrada, Von Lieber, and also, to my profound astonishment, Mr. Hawkins, Lady Frogmarsh, and Dora. I suppose that I was utterly dazed with my long confinement, but I turned the matter over again and again. How could they have got together? Yet it was very simple. Lady Frogmarsh had told my aunt of her intention of going by Metz, and my aunt had waited for her there on her way to Rome, in order that they might all go together, and that the D'Estrada might travel with the great Lady Frogmarsh. I was completely, as it seemed, left out in the cold. I really was in no hurry to push on to Metz; but I inquired about the trains past Thionville, and found that there was one in the

morning which would suit, after which I sauntered out to look at this terrible land Gibraltar, called Luxemburg, probably the most tremendous fortress in the world. After having found the hour of the table d'hôte at the Hôtel de Cologne, I walked out to look round me.

Luxemburg is a very pretty and charming place, but I am not at all sure that its attractions are increased by finding yourself under a state of suspicion. I discovered very soon in Luxemburg that I was a watched man. The uniform of a Luxemburg policeman is very pretty, perhaps the prettiest known, but one would like to see both the fortifications and the lower town without a *mouchard* dogging one's heels. I could not.

I was several days at Luxemburg, and I made friends. I generally do. One evening, at the Hôtel de Cologne, Louis, the landlord's son, told me that I was watched.

I replied that I was perfectly aware of the fact. But as what, for example?

Louis could not say. We were all French there, he believed.

I, being a violent German, said "Yes."

Monsieur, then, was not only watched by the Prussians, whom the devil confound, but by one of his own countryman, a detective, who had come to the Hôtel de Provence two hours ago. Monsieur was a good man in every way, but it was the duty of Louis to tell Monsieur that I was watched by an Englishman.

“What then should I do, kind Louis?”
I asked.

“For the general nothing, for the particular go out on to the *enceinte* and see if he follows you. You can then trust me.”

I then went out on to the glacis, through the trees; I went out on to the open towards the *café*, blazing with light, and when I got near the *café* I saw a solitary figure stealing across the glacis towards me.

My mind was made up. I went into the *café* and ordered beer among the Prussian soldiers, but I had my eye on the door. I threw a Napoleon to the waiter, and said that I would be back for change at once. I saw the figure ap-

proaching over the glaxis, and I ran to meet it. I met it. I said, "Sir, you are watching me." And *he* said, "Charley Harvey, I *have* been watching you." The next instant I was shaking hands with dear old Will Dickson.



CHAPTER X.

A DUEL.



NEVER was so much surprised in my life. Will Dickson was the very last man I should have expected to see. I asked him what he did there in the name of confusion, and he added to my confusion by telling me that he had been watching me.

“But, dear old fellow,” I said, “why did you not come to me at once?”

“Because you are watched by others.”

“How extremely ridiculous, dear Will. No one can have any anger against me.”

“Well, you will see in time. I did not wish to meet you for these reasons. I am perfectly certain that you are watched by others than myself, and that a duel will be fastened on you sooner or later about that D'Estrada woman. Now, if you had let me alone and not recognized me, I should have taken the simple old plan of denouncing that duel to the police. Since you have discovered me, I can do nothing of the kind. I can only go as your second.”

“Good heavens, my dear Will, what do you mean?”

“I heard about you at the students' café at Trèves. You have received the most

marked attention from Madame D'Estrada, and one man, at least, is determined to maim you. One Von Hildesheim."

"I simply have fought the woman as I never fought a woman in my whole life. I dislike her, and am I not engaged to your own sister?"

Will Dickson laughed. "Do you suppose," he said, "that I or Mary distrust you for one instant? By no means; we know your worth, innocence, and truth; but did you never distrust any one? Did you never distrust Chetwynd?"

"I cannot believe it," I said.

"You will have a bullet into you if you do not. He has gone away after Madame D'Estrada, to announce that it is all over between them, or to enjoy her society a

little longer. At Metz he will meet your sister Dora, much to his astonishment. I will not bring her name into the discussion; that is a matter which must take care of itself. There may or may not be a scene and an *esclandre*, but one thing is absolutely certain, he will take most excellent care that you are not present. You are in a perfect cobweb of plots, and I followed you stealthily to watch you and to serve you, for I love your sister and I love you. I love your sister without hope, but I love you with the hope that you may requite my love."

"Will," I said, "is it not requited already? Are you not Mary's brother——"

"Well, never mind the sentimental part, old boy," he interrupted. "It is quite enough that each of us knows that he

would go to the deuce after one another.
What are you going to do ? ”

“ Start for Metz to-morrow morning.”

“ I would almost advise to-night,” said
Will Dickson.

“ The last train to Beltemburg is gone,
and we should then have to post. I will
go if you like, but I would sooner wait and
pack.”

Dick told me afterwards that he had a
foreboding that I should never get there at
all. I, on the other hand, was extremely
anxious and nervous. I could scarcely
believe in the villany of Jack Chetwynd,
so far as to think that he would plant
assassins in my path, still I thought more
and more of my late incarceration, and the
more I thought of it the less I liked it.

There are few more melancholy places than the glacis of Luxemburg on a dark, rainless, moonless night. It is bad enough on a bright summer's day, when one is lying with one's ear to the ground, listening for the concussion of distant cannon, so that one may guess their direction, and clatter away over the rough stones to get as near the carnage as possible; but it is worse at night, when the wind from the down moves the grass like a dead man's hair, and makes the trees talk secrets to one another about the old wicked slaughters which took place there before they were planted. Longwy, with all its amazing beauty, is not particularly lively when one is waiting for the horrible rattle of the German guns to arouse the wolf and

the boar from their lair ; but for unutterable melancholy, I would give the palm to the bald downs which surround the virgin Luxemburg. That night, as we returned to the town, even though I had Will Dickson's arm in mine, I got on me a strange superstitious fit, such as I had never had before. As we approached the ditch between the scarp and the counter-scarp, I asked Will to come back with me, and sleep at the little café by the rose garden.

“ I don't think that that would be any good, old boy. If they wanted you they would find you there or anywhere. Face it out ! You have done nothing for which any man can challenge you ; you have only got to keep your temper, and the devil

himself can't hurt us. You are low in your mind: come down to the Café de l'Europe, and we will have grogs. Don't be superstitious. I will cheer you up. I was here last year, and I know all kinds of good fellows at the Café de l'Europe. Did you ever speak to a Minister of State?"

"Never," I said, laughing.

"Then you shall. The Minister of the Interior of Luxemburg will be there, and very likely the Minister of Education and of Finance. Come along, and spend a cheerful evening."

I agreed, and uttered rather a round oath against cut-throats and villains. As we reached the drawbridge the Prussian sentry called to us to be quick, and just

after we had rattled over the drawbridge, click—slam—up it came, and I was shut into Luxemburg, as I said, like a rat in a trap.

I then became very jocose, and possibly a trifle wild, for I was determined to forget everything for this one night, and I had the brother of the woman I loved best in the world with me, which was the next best thing to having her. Inside the second gate, there was a young lady, who sat under an umbrella, with a lantern, and sold grapes. I bought grapes of her, and overpaid her very much; after which I kissed her, and, with her fullest consent, waltzed down the street among the Prussian soldiers with her, in imitation of my prison friend, while Will Dickson took

charge of the umbrella and lantern. This was considered a very brilliant idea for an Englishman, and my example was followed by many Prussian soldiers. There were plenty of young women, I believe all perfectly respectable, who had no objection to a dance, and one brilliant sergeant, having fetched a tipsy Savoyard out of a café, made him grind his organ, and we had a perfect ball ;—Will Dickson all the time keeping my young lady's stall, and selling her goods at most outrageous prices. I changed my partner three times, and when the cavalry patrol came round, a military evolution took place never dreamt of by Von Moltke. All the couples waltzed in amongst and around every horse, including that of the Hauptmann and Lieutenant,

while they were going at a foot-pace. Every man in that section of cavalry enjoyed the fun ; still they all went on like so many undertakers at a funeral, but grinning at us all the time. When the Herr Hauptmann got to the gate, he wheeled his men at a walk, and turned back again with a clashing of sabres, intersected and surrounded by a cloud of dancers. When shall we in Great Britain know the meaning of the French word “ *bonhomme* ? ”

We could have drunk to any amount entirely without cost ; but we tasted not one drop of any kind of liquor. When I came back to the grape-stall, I found my first partner installed once more, nearly all her stock gone, and a considerable pile of

Dutch and German money by her. She asked Will Dickson to marry her, for he was such a good hand at shopkeeping he got three times the price she could. Will could not give her a definite answer at that moment, he said; she must give him time to consult his parents. So we laughed, and separated, in the highest of good humour, just as innocent as so many children.

The Café de l'Europe, at Luxemburg, in those days of the Prussian garrison, was a very different place to what it is now. The green Dutch uniforms were rather in the shade, and the dark blue predominated. Now Herr Commandant comes in, with his sword on, clashing it as loud as you please. In those days Herr Commandant was nobody, and used to

leave his sword at home, and come in with his swivels hooked together. Herr Commandant, however, now is a very great and important man, untroubled by the blue uniforms. I saw him the other day at the Café de l'Europe, with the cares of State on his brow. 500,000 Germans were hunting 300,000 French past his frontier, at Eshe, and he had felt it necessary to send forty young men to see that the neutrality of Luxemburg was not violated. But at this time the Minister of the Interior was a very modest man indeed. On introduction, he received me most affably, and we sat down at a table together.

We had not long been sitting here, when three Prussian officers came in.

This was extremely unusual at this café, —it was almost entirely used by Luxemburg people. I saw at once that one of the officers was Von Lieber, and I foreboded no good. I advanced, however, to take the hand of my very jolly old friend, and was very much surprised to find that he drew himself up to his full height, and refused to speak to me. I only bowed.

Oh, that deadly moment, it makes my heart beat so terribly even now, when I think of it, and of the horrible ruin which followed. Will called to me that he was taken ill suddenly, and must be led home. Von Lieber took care that he should not be baulked of me, and he struck me heavily on the chest.

I reeled, and I frankly confess that I

grew sick and faint. I looked at him, and I said, "Von Lieber, Von Lieber, after so many years!"

"What did you say of me to Chetwynd?" he asked. "Liar and scoundrel, take that!" and he struck me again. It was all over.

I returned his blow, with sudden madness and ferocity. The poor, innocent honest young fellow only replied, "I think that is enough," and walked away, while Von Hildesheim followed me to the table, where Will Dickson sat.

"Gentlemen," he said, very quietly, "I suppose you understand what is meant when blows are given and returned between a Prussian officer and an English gentleman in a garrison-town?"

I replied quite calmly, that, of course, we knew, and that Von Lieber and I must meet in the morning. I had no apology to make, but I wished him to explain to his friend that his mind was disgracefully abused by some villain about me, and that if the truth should ever come out, he would as deeply regret our *rencontre* as I did.

Von Hildesheim said that that little devil, D'Estrada, ought to be hung, and that it was perfectly certain that the whole thing was a mistake: but he added that no explanation was now possible, in consequence of the very strong action of his friend.

He had begged his friend Von Lieber to request an explanation from me, but

he was quite out of his mind when he thought, rightly or wrongly, that a man like myself, a very dear old schoolfellow, who had so entirely engaged his love, and had interchanged kisses with him, had traduced him in a very shameful manner behind his back. It was too late for explanations now.

I told Will Dickson at once to offer *none*, and requested him to act for me in all particulars, only reserving my right as regarded this one. I was the challenged party, and had a right to select my weapons.

I was utterly and entirely ignorant of sword-practice, and to make me fight with a sword with a man of the courage and dexterity of Von Lieber, would be a

mere murder. I therefore insisted on pistols.

Von Hildesheim said that there would be no difficulty made, and I went home, and, to my own great astonishment, fell fast asleep at once, and never woke until Will Dickson roused me at three o'clock in the morning. Even then I was not in the least degree nervous. I fancy that temperate young men, who take much physical exercise, very seldom are. I was a good deal *frightened* when I came to the ditch where we were to fight, but not enough to make my hand tremble. We were first on the ground, and as I had made Will promise not to talk to me, I amused myself by looking at the weeds which grew in the masonry of the scarp

and counterscarp, and at the narrow sky above the walls, over which the beautiful morning was just flushing.

“How like a great grave this is,” I said. “I wonder, Will, if they will let you bury me here. I should like to lie here.”

“Don’t talk like that. We will dine at the Hôtel de l’Europe to-night. Here are the other party.”

Eight officers came round the corner of the ditch, four of whom came towards us, and shook hands in the most friendly manner.

I was so very much distressed at what was going to happen, that I swore (in my own mind) eternal friendship to those four officers; an oath I have kept

towards two of them, but two lie out on the hillsides of Champagne.

“You being both civilians,” said one burly Pomeranian, “we came to give our advice and assistance. Have you loaded?”

Will said yes.

“I suppose you do not mind going through the old form of changing weapons?”

“Not at all, we only want the most perfect fairness.”

“This exchange will be perfectly unfair to you,” said the officer. “Your pistol is rifled. Von Lieber’s is not.”

“I insist on the exchange,” I said, curtly.

But they would not have it, and a German cavalry pistol was given to me.

I fired straight at Von Lieber, and at the same instant the end had come. There was a horrible grinding crash in my right wrist among the metacarpal bones. I dropped the pistol, and had I been among Englishmen, would have cried out; but I could not cry out before foreigners, and I stood with my lamed arm beside me quite still and silent, not yet aware of the horrible ruin which had happened to me. They were round me at once—poor Von Lieber cursing himself for a murderer—and they laid me down on a cloak. The doctor looked at my wrist.

“It is a comminuted fracture among the metacarpal bones. He will never use his right hand again in this world.”

“My God!” I heard Will Dickson

say. "He is a painter, and the whole bread of his family depends on his exertions."

"He will never paint again," said the doctor.

And then I died.



CHAPTER XI.

PURGATORY.

WILL Dickson, who is now a coroner, and who has seen as many corpses as another, tells me invariably that I was for fourteen hours as like a corpse as any one he had ever seen. At the end of fourteen hours the Sister of Mercy closed my eyes ; but when he and she came to me again, my eyes were open, and I was moaning. I knew him ; but I was uneasy at the black robes

of the Sister, and asked her if I was dead.

Will told me that I had had a great nervous shock, which had produced catalepsy, but that I should live.

“Have they cut my hand off?”

“No; I will not let them do that.”

“Let me die first, Will. Swear it to me.”

“My dear Charley, the operation would kill you, and so it will not be done. You are greatly better. Drink this wine.”

I drank it greedily, and then I said,—

“I want to see Von Lieber. I shall die again if I do not see him.”

There was a whisper and a consultation while I dozed, and when I awoke he was beside me.

“Can you forgive me?” I said.

“Can I ever forgive myself?” he said, sobbing, and putting his arm round me.

“Liars,” I said, feebly.

“Dickson has told me all he knows, and that is enough to convict Chetwynd. It was he who made the mischief between us, none but he.”

“Will,” I said, “you must not leave me; and Von Lieber, I want a promise from you.”

“I will promise anything.”

“Promise that you will never go near Chetwynd on this business. It is possible that he may marry my sister. If you kill him you may kill my brother-in-law.”

“I swear to you that I will never

fight another duel in my life," said Von Lieber. How he kept his word will be seen in the sequel.

Ruined, utterly ruined, as I was, I recovered fast with the help of the German garrison, to whom my most unutterable misfortune has made me a sacred creature. I never remember to have woke during the daytime without finding a big German at my bedside or near it. They found out that I was very fond of cards; but here occurred a difficulty. Not only now was it totally impossible that I could use both hands, but it was perfectly certain, or nearly so, that I could never use both hands again.

So Will Dickson sorted my cards for me, and played which I told him. I

would now play for hours together often and often with my late adversary. I have had ladies, aye, and fine ladies, in my room playing with me ; and as for flowers, my room was a flower-garden. Every one pitied the unhappy young English artist whose life and hopes had been so utterly and pitilessly ruined on one fatal morning.

One day I got Will Dickson to bring me a cardboard and some chalk, and tried to draw with my left hand. I saw instantly that the thing was utterly and entirely hopeless, and for the first time burst into a wild passion of tears.

My life was utterly doomed ; and when monseigneur the good bishop came to me that afternoon, I asked him to tell

me about men who had found solace in the cloister from an unhappy life, and had so passed quietly away towards another world. Monseigneur was not so eloquent on that point as I expected him to be.

He came again, and I had a newspaper in which there was an account of a suicide. I asked him did he believe that the man's soul was lost for ever. He rather sternly said that he had no doubt whatever about the fact.

“Lead a true life, my son, and do not let the devil put such thoughts into your head.”

What thoughts? I was in purgatory: not such purgatory as that of which one reads in the dream of Gerontius,

but in a purgatory where there was no hope at all. I was utterly and irretrievably ruined.



CHAPTER XII.

OIEL D'ALSACE.

LONDON was very dreary, and the more dreary when I found myself utterly deprived of all my hopes as regards my future life. My father received me at our dingy old door with the highest delight as his heroic boy. "I always knew your courage, my dear," he said. "You were always full of pluck. I am afraid that I am a great pagan

for not scolding you ; but really I cannot."

"Do you know, father, that I am returned on your hands as a hopeless cripple—that I am of no good at all—that by no possibility can I earn a living?"

"My dear boy," said my father, "you are quite mistaken. I see no reason why we should not be extremely rich. Since I have got rid of the pupils, and have got that load off my mind—that religious load, you know—I have been much brighter and cleverer. You and I must keep an artist's shop, and borrow the money from old Hawkins. Why, your knowledge of colour and drawing, and art generally, besides the reputation of your incredible

misfortune, will be sure to bring business. We may die aldermen."

I laughed as I kissed him, and yet there was method in his madness.

"Where is Miss Lee?" I asked.

"Miss Lee, who has been more than a daughter to me, is by no means well. She is upstairs, and has been so disturbed by your accident, my dear boy, that she went upstairs as soon as she heard of your arrival."

"What money are you getting, father, dear?"

"*Heaps*," he said; "abundance. Three pounds last week—three pounds, I give you my word, with teaching *Latin only*, mind. I shall have more to do than I can manage soon."

“You can hardly keep house for the children, and keep them at school for that. You said they were at school?”

“To be sure. I have hardly had time to tell you anything. It was so good of Lord Hainault. I wrote to him a ‘My Lord’ letter, asking him for a presentation to Christ’s Hospital for Harry, and he writes back, ‘Dear old fellow, I will get you a dozen.’ And so Harry and Jack are both in leather breeches and yellow stockings, as happy as kings.”

“I shall paint that man’s portrait for nothing,” I said.

And then my hideous affliction flashed across me, and I buried my head on the table.

“You must not do that,” said my

father, hurriedly. "Charley, I can't bear it."

I recovered at once.

"I can teach something, father. I am sorry I gave up the Classics for the Art which has ruined me; but I can teach the younger boys. You were right in our old discussion, and I was wrong."

"I don't allow it," said my father; "now go upstairs to the old school-room and find my new daughter, Miss Lee; by the way, there is no news from the flying squadron—I mean your aunt and Madame D'Estrada, who, it seems, are now joined by Chetwynd and the Hawkins-Frogmarsh party. Go up to Miss Lee, my boy."

As I shut the door behind me, I gave a blessing and uttered a prayer : so much as was left of me as a ruin, I would devote to that man for his life, never to part from him again.

I was going upstairs very quietly, when I saw Miss Lee standing on the landing above me. When I caught sight of her I gave a low groan, and reeled against the banisters. She had seen my look and had covered her face with her hands. As she stood where she was, I saw utter woe. My father might be old and blind, but I saw in one instant that Miss Lee was with child.

I felt so sick and faint, and my wound was tingling so with nervous excitement, that I could scarcely follow her into the

room, where she sank down sobbing. I left her to speak first, for I had nothing to say.

“ Oh ! Charles, how shall we ever break it to our dear father ? Oh ! Charles, I am so very sorry, but Dick would have it so, and I never could refuse him anything. My poor darling on the wild sea ! ”

“ It will kill my father,” I said.

“ Oh ! I am sure he will forgive me, Charles—I am sure he will forgive me. I am sure my heart was nearly broken about you and your duel : and I am sure you will forgive me now, and help me.”

“ God knows I will forgive you ; but I am fearfully angry with Dick. You must get away to another house until it is all over. We can keep it secret.”

“ But I haven’t got another house to go to,” said the poor girl. “ And I haven’t got any money.”

“ I can find the money, if we can only hide the matter.”

“ He would have it so,” moaned Miss Lee. “ I told him that it wasn’t right to deceive Mr. Hawkins, or any one ; but he said that Mr. Hawkins would be angry with him, and I said that Mr. Hawkins was a most forgiving man. I told him so before he went away to sea a score of times, but he was very resolute, and I never knew what was going to happen until a very little time before he sailed. And when he heard it, it made a new man of him, and made him so happy that I kept my word to him. I know that I was very wrong to

yield to him, but I promised him that I would be a good wife to him the morning we were married——”

“When you were *what?*” I shouted. (My nephew Charles is none the worse for that shout, but a strong child.)

“When we were married,” said Miss Lee, amazed and puzzled. “Dick said that if we got married something would turn up; and so we *were* married, and something *has* turned up. I go out as a daily governess now.”

“My sweetest sister, I am so happy,” I said, kissing her heartily. “Father must be told at once.”

“Do you dare?”

I left her without a word. “Father,” I said, “Mrs. Harvey has deputed me

to tell you of her marriage with your son."

"Dick married!"

"Married Miss Lee before he went to sea, and she is going to be confined before long."

"Oh, indeed!" said my father; "we shall get rich at this rate; but we shall be happier for this, Charley. Bridget, go out and buy a bottle of the very best port wine. Mrs. Harvey must have port wine now."

I saw from the delighted flush in Biddy's face that she had known the dreadful secret a long time, and had formed her own surmises.



CHAPTER XIII.

THE HEIR.



WILL not conceal the fact that we were most miserably poor, but that we were by no means unhappy, unless it was because we could get no solitary word from Dora or my aunt.

There was an entire cessation of all correspondence. It was extremely probable, as my father pointed out, that Mr. Hawkins was excessively angry

with me in consequence of my ill-starred duel.

“Evangelical people,” my father rather sarcastically remarked, for he had had an arrow or two out of the evangelical bow in his downfall, from the *Record*, “don’t like duels. I am sure they began on me, before I began on them. I doubt you are in disgrace there, my lad. I shan’t fight your battle in that quarter. Hawkins has got to lend me four hundred pounds to start that shop, and do it he shall; so I will not quarrel with him at all.”

“But my aunt,” I pleaded, “she would have written.”

“Did you ever see a letter of hers?” said my father.

“No.”

“Nor any one else,” said he, triumphantly. “Lily,” that was the name we had given Dick’s young wife, “did you ever see a letter of hers?”

“I always used to write them,” said Lily; “once or twice Dick did. But I generally wrote them. Father, dear, I want fifteen shillings to-morrow.”

“Baby linen?” said my father, stroking his chin. “All right, I can manage that; there are Biddy’s wages due on Saturday, sweetheart.”

“I have eighteen pounds left,” I remarked, eagerly.

“Here is a boy for you,” said my father, proudly. “Here is a lad for you. Comes in at the last moment with a

princely fortune : he will make our fortune yet in spite of his maimed hand. I vote that we go down the river with his money."

"Let us do so," I said, eagerly, "if the Lily of Devon is able: let us go to Fulham, to the Hawkins's house, and hear what they have to say."

"Agreed," said Lily; and my father said,—

"Although on pleasure he was bent,
He had a frugal mind."

The Lily of Devon being perfectly agreeable, we went up to Fulham, and invaded the Hawkins's property.

There was certainly nothing said there as yet to prevent my taking the rank as

first favourite in it. The butler treated me as heir to the family, and insisted on our having lunch, and any number of flowers.

I explained to the butler that the lady with us was the beautiful Miss Lee of their grand party; that she was married to my brother Richard, whom I described as a man far on his way towards the post of an admiral (in the *Naval Reserve*, I put in, to keep some semblance of veracity).

I said that she was far gone in the family way, and that we expected a *certain event* very *shortly*. This brought the women of the household out, and we were petted and feasted to that extent that Lily told me privately that she was

afraid of being intoxicated; and my father having discovered that the Bishop of London was in his neighbouring palace at Fulham, expressed his intention of calling on his lordship on his way home, to settle a few outstanding points of doctrine with him.

I need not say that I determined to the contrary.

But I got the butler aside, and asked him about the movements of the party.

“They are all together, Mr. Harvey—all together—at Rome. She was at Metz when the news of your duel came to them; they all up stick and hooked it straight south to Rome. Our groom, Jack, was sent home, and he has told me everything. My lady is mad against you for

fighting the young German gent; and I'll tell you what it is, sir—you are on your parole."

"For what?"

"For the duel, sir. My lady has used strong language about you, and has forbidden any one to write to you—Miss Dora in particular. What I call the Allied Powers have made it up that you are to have a lesson. Well and good. If Miss Dora will only keep her temper with the old woman—what was I saying? with my lady—everything will go right. If, on the other hand, Miss Dora encourages Mr. Chetwynd, all will go wrong. You are what you may call *in the corner* at present. But you are a good young gentleman, and Mr. Hawkins will never desert

you. Let me look at your poor hand. Poor dear; I wish you had put the bullet in his heart."

"Hicks, don't say that. He is my dearest friend."

"Well, why could you not have punched each other's heads like gentlemen?" said Hicks. "But I say, dear Mr. Harvey, don't write to *any of them*. Let things be. You are in disgrace."

I did not write or take any such liberty, and six months passed. I got pupils, to whom I taught Latin, and we managed to keep the old house over our heads, with no servant but that Irish lunatic, Biddy, who on one occasion loudly lamented that she had not got married to her young man Mick Moriarty (who had been sent

to Canada in the 999th Highlanders in a kilt the year before, with the tread of the native Scotch mountaineer, which he had learnt in the slums in Dublin), because, if she had married then, she would have been in a position to act as wet nurse to our baby.

But we got on very well. Nothing could have been kinder than the behaviour of Mrs. Gamp. She made her story good against Mr. Dickens perfectly well, both to me and my father. She was never sober, I allow; but then, she never was drunk.



CHAPTER XIV.

THE NEW LIFE, WITH GLEAMS OF THE OLD.

ALL this six months Will Dickson was away, and I missed him very much. He was in the Mediterranean on business. He wrote to me. I was in hopes that he would come back some day. Not one word would any of the grand party, who were still together, write to us about their movements. Dora wrote once a month, and then only generalities. My father

and I drudged on teaching classes, and making about five pounds a week between us.

On one occasion, just before Dick came home, I had to receive ten pounds for teaching. The gentleman who had to pay it to me gave me a stamped receipt to sign. I tried to sign it with my *right* hand, and I only succeeded in making an illegible smudge on the paper.

He looked on, deeply moved. "Mr. Harvey," he said, "you will continue your duty here, I hope."

I said, "If he pleased."

"Will you consider your honorarium doubled, if you please? You are a young man whom God has smitten; and my boys love you so dearly, and you have

done them such good, that I must insist."

Though Will Dickson was gone, Will Dickson's sister was not. I want to say nothing of my own sentimental affairs, but when I told that girl that I was a ruined, penniless beggar, and that she must try to forget me, she——

Well, never mind what she did. Don't kiss and tell. She was always with us now.

You see we were not in debt, and if a person is not in debt, it is wonderful how happy they may be on a little. We were fearfully poor, but my father and I read the *Times* every morning for all that; and one morning we read in the column devoted to Italian affairs——

“ A small sensation has taken place at Milan. A certain Madame D'Estrada, who has previously failed twice on the stage, has taken La Scala by storm in the part of Adalgisa. Elvira (Madame Buonarrotti) was suddenly taken ill, and the rôle of Elvira was played by an English lady of rank, Lady Edith Harvey (not a Bristol Hervey, but a Ballykillglass). The D'Estrada was extremely grand, and was called to the front at once; but the house was emphatic in demanding Lady Edith, who has made no concealment of her name at all. I have never seen anything like her acting or her singing; only, I should like to be in possession of the salary which she will have for the next three years.”

Soon after we read in another paper :—

“FATAL DUEL.—A very sad event has taken place, ending in the death of a young officer of the 140th Dragoons. There was a lady in the case, as there always is, and the lady in this case was Madame D'Estrada, now one of the first singers in Europe. It appears that Captain von Lieber, of the Bonn Hussars, claimed the lady's hand for a dance, while our countryman, Captain Chetwynd, claimed it also. I deeply regret to inform you that very strong language was used by both parties, in the presence of ladies. Mr. Chetwynd told Captain von Lieber that he was a beggarly German, who was aspiring to the hand of Miss Dora Harvey. The German

captain then turned on him and told him that he had lied at Metz a year ago, and driven him into a duel with that young lady's brother at Luxemburg, in which that young gentleman, who was an artist of promise, was maimed for life. A fellow-countryman of ours, a Mr. Dickson, just returned from the Levant, tried hard to make the peace, but it was perfectly useless. Mr. Dickson refused to go out as Mr. Chetwynd's second, having (strangely enough) been Mr. Harvey's second in the other duel at Luxemburg. I can say nothing of the present duel, save that Von Lieber has shot Chetwynd dead."

"Do you think he was guilty of your maiming?" said my father.

“I have not a solitary word to say,” I answered. “If he was I entirely forgive him.” And so we jogged on, and talked no more about him, though we thought the more. We were poor no longer now. Brighter days were rapidly dawning on the old house; we were but three in family now, and my father and I earned quite a little fortune by teaching, while Dick’s wife, whilom Miss Lee, kept house, with our faithful old Biddy for a servant. My brother Dick’s wife gave her whole soul up to the household management, and right nobly and well she succeeded in it. There was not a cleaner or brighter house than ours in the square. No more miserable bears of resident pupils now, no more dirt, no

more untidiness, only peaceful, gentle happiness from morn till night. The fathers and mothers of our day pupils came to see us, and we returned their visits. They made very much of us; my father's position, from having left the church, was a very interesting one, and gained him much respect. In fact, some of his old admirers would have put him in a chapel, but that he steadily refused, after a consultation with his good friend the bishop. My position was interesting in the highest degree. I was such an artist, they said, as this century would not see again; but I had had my painting hand smashed in a duel, and was ruined. The romantic marriage of Miss Lee to my brother, and her amazing beauty, got us

many friends. We were very popular and very happy, and we three made a new world for ourselves far different from the one in which Dora was moving.



CHAPTER XV.

DICK'S RETURN FROM THE SEA.

ONE wild, windy night my father and I said that we would have a glass of whisky and water and a pipe before we went to bed. We had particular reasons for doing so, for I had heard something accidentally from one of my pupils. By this time our baby had been born some two months, I must say. We ordered my sister-in-law to bed, and began to

smoke and sip comfortably. My father had to fill my pipe for me, for my right hand was always wrong, and I was hopelessly helpless. (Biddy always laced my boots). As soon as Dick's wife was in bed I took a portfolio from under my chair, and I said to my father, "I have a new pupil who draws, and I think that if I could teach him I might make a great deal of him, and add to our income."

"Hand over," said my father, puffing away. And I handed him a head of Dante, with Beatrice's head beside his.

"This is very fine," said my father. "Your pupil must go to Broston. Can he draw the figure?"

I produced some nude studies of his.

"He *can* draw," said my father. "But

about this Dante and Beatrice study, from what picture did he copy it? I thought I knew every picture in Europe, but I don't know that one. It must be a fine one."

"I do not suppose that you do know the picture," I replied, "for the composition is original."

"Good heavens!" said my father. "Your pupil must go to Broston at once, and you must verbally instruct him, while Broston does the mechanical part. Why, Charles, you may live again in a pupil greater than yourself. Those two heads are finer and more refined than anything you ever did before your duel."

I could keep my secret no longer. I

knelt at his feet, and put my forehead on his knees. "Father," I said, "I can deceive you no longer, I have deceived you too long; it is I who have done those things *with my left hand.*"

* * * *

The wind roared in the chimney and rattled furiously on the glass, but we sat there for more than a quarter of an hour, too happy to speak. Then my father said, suddenly, "Mind we bless God for this, my gallant boy. You have humiliated yourself before Him, and He has forgiven you that wicked duel. Give all the glory to God, who endued you with this wondrous perseverance and diligence, and take none to yourself." Whereby I conclude that, although my father's opinions

were not orthodox, he was in some sort a good Christian: I am not here to judge.

I changed the subject, and insisted on my father having another mild tumbler, and mixing me one also, on this happy occasion, for the fact is that I did not want him to go to bed just yet. He demurred, but submitted. When he began mixing there were only two people in the room, when he had put the kettle on the fire there were three; the sound of the entrance of the third had been drowned by the wild wind.

A splendid young sailor, one of the most perfectly typical sailors I have seen in my life. I knew him, and yet I hardly knew him. He was as handsome as ever,

but there was a brightness of eye, a brilliant brown of complexion, an elasticity of carriage, such as I had never recognized before in my idle brother Dick. He had come suddenly out of the wind and rain outside like a stormy petrel, and the beads of rain were yet upon his cheeks, and hanging like diamonds on his close-curling whiskers and beard. We recognized him together, my father and I, and we had our arms round him together, though he was as wet as an Arctic bear. Then my father lifted up his voice and wept, and we stood silent, hand in hand.

“Two sons, and such sons, in one day,” said my father. “God is too good to me.” And then he sat down in his chair, and I whispered to Dick to leave him.

“Where is she?” said Dick, in a whisper.

“Upstairs, in bed,” I whispered. “First room on the right, the old pupil’s room. Here is the candle ; don’t wake the boy.”

“Boy?” he said, with his eyes brightening.

“Ah!” I said, “two months old. Christened after me. Such a young beauty.”

Dick sprang up the stairs, and I saw him close the bedroom door; then I heard a glad, rapturous cry, and as I returned to my father I wondered whether or not ex-Miss Lee had not done, on the whole, much better by sticking to her duty than Dora had in being fine.

Dick came downstairs in about a quarter

of an hour, and Biddy was rung up to get him supper. His wife came down in her dressing-gown, and I promise you that we all had supper together, and never went to bed until half-past two.

Dick's adventures were easily told by the letters and certificates which he showed us from his employers. From the first he had shown such a talent for seamanship, that his commander had most strongly recommended him to study navigation. He had applied himself to it with such diligence that he was now ready to pass as mate. At the Mauritius the captain and the first mate were down with fever, but the captain sailed for all that, and then the second mate broke his leg at sea. Dick then, as supercargo,

took charge, and brought the ship into the Cape through some terrible weather, saving everything. Noticing the sinking of the mercury, he got his topgallantmast down, a very troublesome thing with a merchant crew. When they came to the Cape they put the first mate on shore, and the captain, being better, sailed again, but died on the South Atlantic, and Dick took possession of the ship once more, with her priceless cargo of tea and silk. Then he lost his foremast, but, sighting a mail packet, spoke her, and sent to England the state of affairs (this is what I heard from my pupil). To make a long story short, he brought his ship safe to Plymouth, where she was taken charge of by a captain in the same house,

and had raced up to London with his papers to the owners. The owners, like good men and true, had there and then given him £100, and a fine gold chronometer and watch, with his name engraved, and had urged him to pass his examination as quick as possible, saying that he should never want a ship while one of theirs was afloat. I had heard that he was getting on well, but I did not know the whole truth until he told us. My poor, lazy old Dick had found his *métier* at last, and was a made man.

We had to tell him much. Aunt Edith had taken up with a foreign singer, who had failed twice, but who now was carrying everything before her in Europe, and

making both their fortunes. I had been patronized most handsomely by Mr. Hawkins, but had lost his favour entirely by fighting a duel with poor dear Von Lieber. I had been utterly ruined by Von Lieber's bullet going into my right wrist. Von Lieber and I were as good friends as ever, but he was insanelly following Madame D'Estrada all about Italy. Von Lieber had killed Jack Chetwynd in a duel, and none of them ever wrote to us now. It took three people, continually interrupting one another, to tell Dick all this, and therefore, when he remarked,—

“It's bad enough at sea, but it seems worse ashore,”

I thought him very sensible, and determined to ask him to sit to me as

Aristides. He was quite good-looking enough.

“But what is Dora doing?” he asked, simply.

“That we none of us know,” I answered. “She is under the protection of Mr. Hawkins and Lady Frogmarsh still, but she never communicates with us lately. About this lamentable affair of Jack Chetwynd she has said not one single word.”

“But she loved him,” said Dick the sailor, simply.

“I doubt it,” I answered. “I think that she encouraged him more out of spite than anything else.”

“How did you find that out?” said Dick.

“I only guessed it.”

“So she never wrote to you on the subject? Suppose she had written to me?”

“To you!”

“Yes. Look at this which I got at the Cape from her. Does that explain matters in any way?”

The letter was certainly in Dora's handwriting, and it explained much.

“DEAR DICK,—On my father's death you will be head of the family—such as it is—and I wish to explain something to you. You are stupid, but you are not a self-seeking prig like Charles. I put my character for straightforwardness in your hands.

“Chetwynd paid attentions to me, and

I encouraged them. The Hawkins and the Frogmarsh, under whose protection I am, discouraged him extremely, and forced Will Dickson upon me. You know enough of me to know that this was quite enough to make me discourage Will Dickson and to encourage Chetwynd.

“He followed us here to Rome, and I found that his attentions were more particularly directed to Madame D'Estrada than to myself. From that moment Chetwynd was my enemy.

“I don't want to marry any one ; I wish they would leave me alone. I want you to know the whole truth : that I am very miserable, and wish I was back with father. I like being fine as well as another, but I am sick of being hawked about, like a

piece of goods, by Mr. Hawkins and Lady Frogmarsh.

“I write to you because I am afraid of Charles. This D’Estrada sends all men mad. I don’t wonder at it, nor would you if you saw her and heard her. You see Charles has been hit in a duel about her with his old friend Von Lieber. I hear that he can never paint any more. The woman is a fiend in human shape—that is exactly what she is. You should have seen her in Lucia di Lammermoor the other night with a bedgown and dagger (she makes her own get-up, assisted by Aunt Edith). She is a bedlamite lunatic, and ought to have a straight-waistcoat on. She is making mischief now between Chetwynd and Von Lieber.”

“Hah!” said my father, “this gets interesting.”

“The only man,” continued Dora, “over whom she has no power at all is dear old Will Dickson, my constant friend—the only man in this congeries of religious and theatrical idiots to whom I can say one word. If I wrote this to Charles, he would want me to marry him. He took a liberty about me and Will Dickson years ago, which I have never forgiven, and which I never will. He painted our heads together. Oh! my poor Charles, oh! my dear Charles. They say that his hand is broken to pieces by Von Lieber’s bullet. He might paint my head beside Will Dickson’s a hundred times, if he could only paint again. Dick, I do

love Charles ; but he is so shrewd with me.

“Dick, my dear, my very stupid dear, I have written this to you as a manifesto, because very soon I shall get out of it. I like being fine as well as another, but I can’t stand being fine at this price. I can’t stand Mr. Hawkins and Lady Frogmarsh, good as they are. I shall fly soon. They mean the very best towards me ; but they show me off as if I was a horse for sale. I am more beautiful than any of the French or Roman ladies. I am very proud of that, dear, but I hate myself for being proud. I shall fly. I have two courses open to me—either I must go into a convent, or I must go back to my father. I *can’t* go into a convent, the whole life is a

ghastly humbug to me ; and if I go home to my father, Charles will be there, and I must face his horrible precisianism. My Dick, my dear old Dick, I wish I was on board ship with you, and out of all this mess. I write to you on the broad seas, but the letter will reach you somewhere. It is only my manifesto, dear. God bless you.

“ DORA.”

I bowed down my head. I said, “ I have hardly deserved this.”

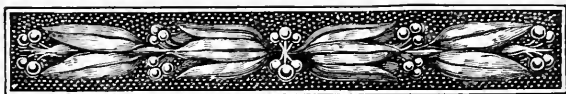
Dick's wife was up in a moment. “ You have not deserved it at all, Charles. Most patient, kindly, and excellent of men. Has he deserved it Dick ? ”

“Dora is mad,” Dick said, “I have seen that ever since I had the letter, Our Charley a prig! That is the finest thing I have heard for a long time. She will come here, in my opinion. You see that this letter was written before Jack Chetwynd was killed. I never liked him, and I don’t want for courage, but I would not have shot him. I consider that no man has the right to compass another man’s life in a duel, I think it is as bad as murder. God forgive me!—what was I saying, with our own Charley sitting before me to shame my words?”

“I quite agree with you Dick,” I said, “I fight no more duels, I promise you. When did you get this letter from Dora?”

“Three months ago.”

“If you are coming to bed at all, you had better come now,” said the Lily of Devon, pulling her sailor by the ear. And, indeed, I pointed out to my father that it was half-past two, and that we ought to go to bed ourselves, which we did.



CHAPTER XVI.

AN UNEXPECTED MEETING.



HERE was a week or more of intense pleasure to me, for Dick and I were down at the dock clearing his ship. He superintending all kinds of cases and barrels, and I drawing sailors, in water-colours, with renewed activity.

My pestilent right hand was a sad nuisance, but Dick had told the kind-hearted sailors that I was a great artist,

who had had his painting arm smashed in a duel; and after that there was not a man or boy of them who would not have gone a mile to get me water, or to put me in a good position for drawing. The sailor admires personal courage for its own sake: God help us when they cease to do so!

Turning over my portfolio, I found no things so vigorously quaint as those which I did with my left hand at that time;* nothing was too hot or too heavy for me.

A group of East Indian goats on the deck of the old *Herefordshire*—a man

* The author is speaking from the actual experience of a well-known artist, a friend of his.

aloft barefooted, hanging by the end of a spar—a naked young man, sliding down a hawser into the green water, with half his body covered, setting something right, all these were new to me; I painted everything, from pike to South African stag's horns.

I need not say that I painted my brother Dick, I could never keep my hands off him.

He was on the wharf one day among the packages, and I painted him as William Penn bargaining with the Indians. I was sorry to put my own brother into the biggest swindle of modern times, but art knows no political morality. If it did, where would have been the pictures of Horace Vernet?

At last, one day when Dick and I were plodding home, we were confronted at the street corner by Dora, who looked extremely quiet, and said:—"Dick and Charles," she said, quietly, "I have come quietly home to our father to stay with him always. I've run away from Mr. Hawkins."

We gave her the warmest of welcomes; but as we walked, she asked me to go on in front, tell her father, and to ask him to take "no notice." I did so, and waited for her to come in with intense eagerness, as did my father. The door opened, and she gave a start and a cry, and in the next instant was in Will Dickson's arms, sobbing.

"My darling," he said, "how could you

fly from me? Promise that you will never leave me again."

And she said, "Never." She never did so.



CHAPTER XVII.

THE LAST NEWS OF MADAME D'ESTRADA.

THERE is so little to be told that I almost feel inclined to apologize for telling it : yet, if I have interested my reader so far, I feel sure that he will read my story to the end.

Dora's flight was, I regret to say, of a somewhat strange nature. Her language to Lady Frogmarsh, although that of a lady, was most certainly emphatic ;—it reduced Lady Frogmarsh to tears ; and

Dora left the house at Rome entirely unprotected, not in any way knowing her own mind, and with the horror of Chetwynd's death full upon her. The poor child, I believe, told the simple and plain truth, when she said that she did not wish to marry anybody. She knew her beauty, but the fact of having it hawked about by these two very excellent people, Lady Frogmarsh and Hawkins, was utterly intolerable to her. She fled to her father, and in flying to him, ran into Will Dickson's arms, who had heard of her flight from Rome, and knowing where she was going, had come to London and preceded her.

Chetwynd's death and Dora's flight broke up the Italian expedition completely.

Hawkins pursued her, but he went the wrong way, and arrived ten days after she had reached her father's home. She had left Paris ten days before he arrived there. The Secretary of Legation declares to me that in his anger he gave the whole of the French officials one hundred lines to write out, and ordered Lord Cowley to be kept in for an hour after school the rest of the term. How this may be I know not, but he arrived at our house in a state of mad distraction, upset Biddy as soon as she opened the door, and behaved generally like a lunatic.

“My darling,” he said to Dora, “why could you not have trusted us? We meant no harm. We only wanted you to do as you have done. The

boy Dickson will go up seven places, and all his impositions are remitted. The boy Harvey, on the other hand, will go down ten places; we want no duellers here. Let me look at your poor hand, my boy. Poor dear; and Von Lieber, too: it was wicked of Von Lieber,—he should not have fired at you. Mr. Harvey, your daughter will have eight thousand pounds on her marriage-day, and repeat the first fifty lines of the third book of the ‘Iliad.’ They are not to be married till Lady Frogmarsh comes, you will understand.”

In short, Dora was the adopted daughter of Lady Frogmarsh, and has no cause to regret the arrangement in any way. She was married from our house, and we live

there still. My father will not give it up, but says that he chooses to be happy in the house where he was once miserable. I live and paint there, and the whole *ménage* is very slightly altered.

Of my success and my fame I need not speak here. I can paint with my right hand again now, but not better than with my left. We are very rich, and are getting richer every year. My father still keeps up the fashion of daily teaching, and occasionally goes to dine with the bishop. He is very happy, and so I find no fault; though I wish that he would accept a settled sum from me, and leave the teaching alone.

My Aunt Edith lives with us once more, and is rather more devoted to her old

superstitions than ever. When Madame D'Estrada married Von Lieber, she came home with seven thousand pounds, and devoted herself to my father. Lord Ballykillgass left her a large sum of money when he died, and so we really have rather more than we exactly know what to do with.

Dick is doing splendidly ; his wife lives with us, and helps Aunt Edith to keep house.

When the weather is very mild, we generally find that a wasted worn shadow of a man creeps in to our fireside. No welcome is too warm for him ; no children's kisses are spared him. He had a wife once, but his wife shamefully left him before the eyes of Europe. His dream

was over, but he thought that he could die at Sadowa. Down went gallant Von Hildesheim, down went a hundred others, but Von Lieber lived—with a bullet through his lungs, and creeps to our fireside still.

I saw *her* the other night singing at the Opera. She was rather more handsome than ever, and her success was, as usual, enormous. I stepped round to the stage-door, and easily of course got admission. I met her, and she knew me and smiled.

“How did I sing?” she said.

“You know that you always sing well,” I replied. “But, do you know that I think that your husband is dying?”

“Is that so?” she answered. “Give

my love to your funny old aunt, Lady Edith."

And that was the last of Madame Von Lieber, once Madame D'Estrada.

THE END.

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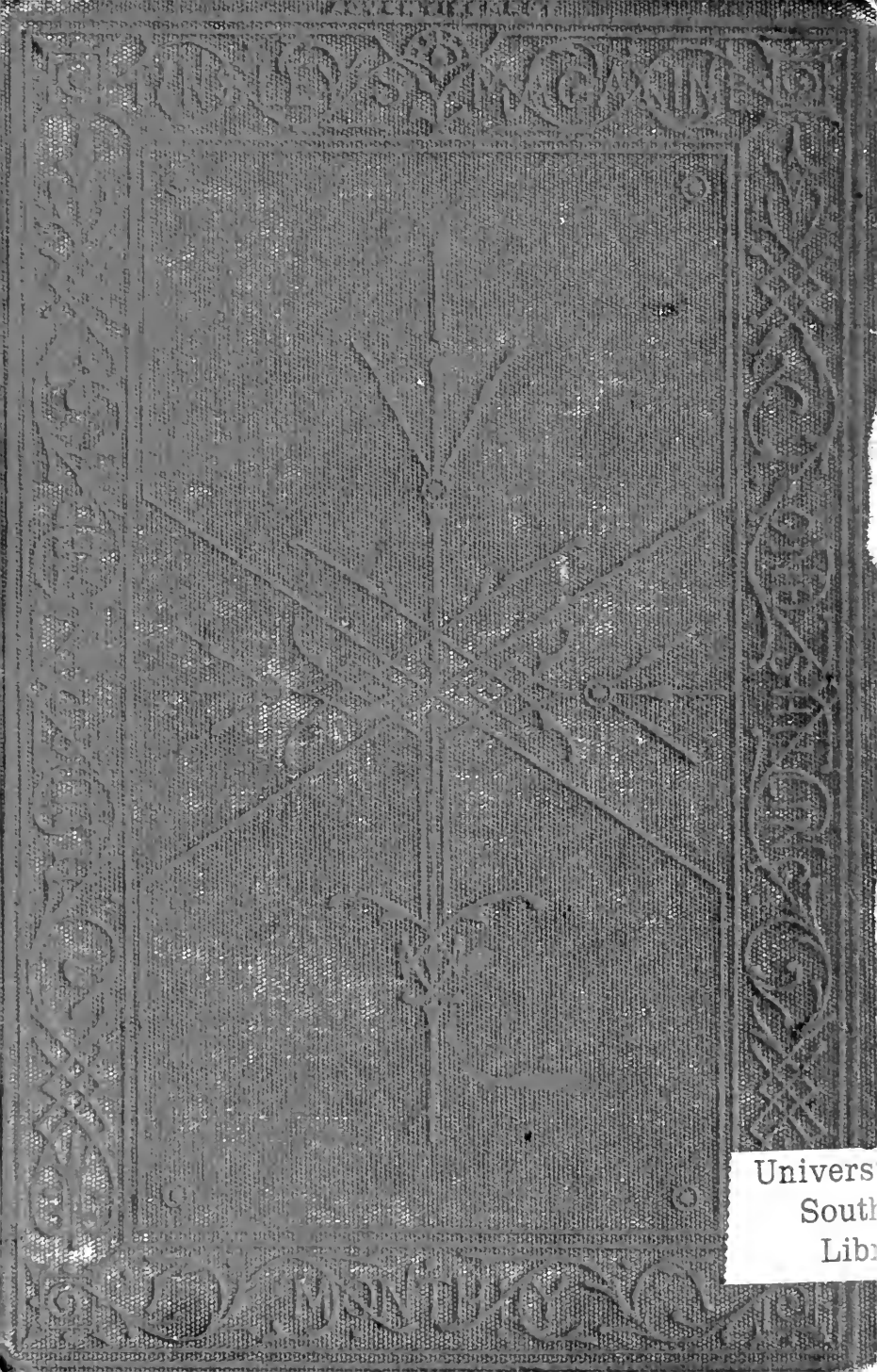
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